

AUG 30 1889

WASHINGTON

DEMPSEY KNOCKED OUT!

THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN AMERICA

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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

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CAPTURED BY THE CAMERA OBSCURA.

THE NOVEL WAY IN WHICH A CITIZEN DISCOVERED HIS WIFE AND HER LOVER ON CONEY ISLAND.



RICHARD K. FOX, Editor and Proprietor.

POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,
Franklin Square, N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING
SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1889.

LIFE AND ADVENTURES
OF

BELLA STARR,
The Noted Bandit Queen of the West.

A Story of Daring Exploits and Adventures

HANDSOMELY ILLUSTRATED

Mailed to any address on receipt of 25 cents.
Agents will find it to their advantage to canvass for this book.

RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher,
FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK.

THE NONPAREIL VANQUISHED.

Jack Dempsey, the Nonpareil, has been knocked out.

The event, unexpected to betting men and sportsmen generally, occurred in the California Athletic Club rooms on the early morning of Aug. 28 in a fight that had extended from shortly after 9 o'clock on the preceding evening.

George Le Blanche, the Marine, was the victor, and he vanquished his opponent in the thirty-second round, after a bitter and strongly contested fight. A heavy blow did the business, knocking Dempsey completely off his pins, and when time was called he refused to respond.

Thousands of dollars changed hands, as the betting was largely in favor of the Nonpareil.

The result does not affect Dempsey's title to the "Police Gazette" middle-weight champion belt, as he is the undisputed holder of the emblem, having held it for three years against all comers.

On other pages of this issue of the POLICE GAZETTE will be found a report of the fight, telegraphed by our special correspondent, and sketches and illustrations by our unexcelled artists.

Fuller and more minute details will appear in next week's issue of the POLICE GAZETTE.

THE commutation of Mrs. Maybrick's sentence to imprisonment for life appears to give general satisfaction, as there appears to have been some doubt as to whether she really poisoned her husband. Even the life sentence will tend to influence the female mind that arsenic is good enough in its way, and that its way is in a little ug behind the wink counter in the shot-eary pop or vice versa.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., appears to be looming up visibly as a field for toughs and footpads, who go over there to rob and find it convenient to murder as a side show. The arrest of the young thug, McElwaine, alias McIlwain, alias a half dozen other things, reflects credit on the police, and his extermination is only a question of time, as he was caught dead in the act. But will the lesson count?

THE disastrous conflagration on Seventh avenue, New York city, last week, teaches a lesson or two in its way. One is that better precautions should be taken in all large cities against such occurrences. Another is that short shrift should be made against incendiaries. If the loss of the ten lives recorded was the result of incendiaryism, the villains who perpetrated the offense should be well on their way to execution as soon after their capture as is possible.

THE Coney Island camera obscura last week burst forth in all its silent elegance as a detective, and showed up a wife and her paramour doing what they hadn't oughter. The infuriated husband correctly jumped upon the dissolver of his affections with both feet. Clandestine lovers should, in the future, be assured that there are no camera obscuras and wild husbands lying around loose before they attempt to taste the sub rosa sweets of illicit love.

MASKS AND FACES

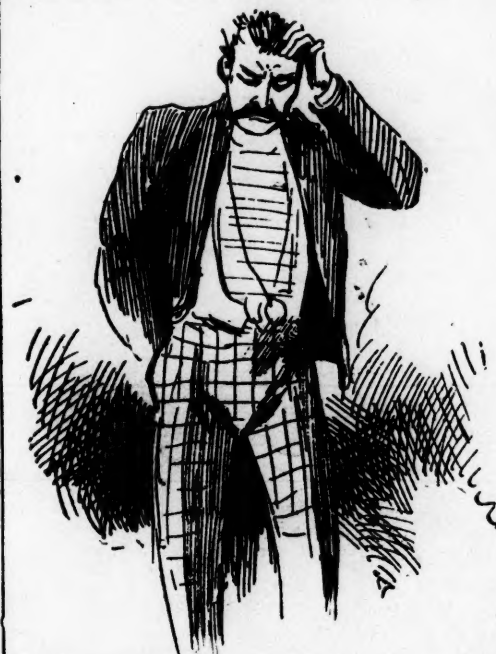
Lady Adelaide's Lisp--Herrmann's Highjinks.

OLD GROODGE'S MURDER.

Senorita Carmencita--Gay Dancing Girls--"Lord Dunmersey."

GLITTER AND TINSEL.

Scratch your head, old man. I can understand your embarrassment. Three openings on one night, and you don't know which to go to first.



There is Herrmann with his Transatlantic Vaudeville at the Bijou.

There is, next, Adelaide Moore at the Fifth Avenue. There is, last, "Mankind" at the Fourteenth Street Theatre.

Toss a nickel to decide. Heads, you go to Moore; tails, you go to Herrmann.

Heads it is. A pasteboarded house applauded faintly as Miss Adelaide Moore appeared in the first act of "The Love Story," at the Fifth Avenue, and then settled down to size her up.

Moore is blondish, stonish and not over pretty. She has a kind of puffy face, and a wobbly walk. Moore also has a lip.

We have had the Abbott Kiss, the Davenport fall, the Dillon gulp, the Bernhardt stride, the Langtry grin, but it was reserved for Moore to give us a full-fledged stage lip. Whether it's the fault of nature or of the dentist, Moore lisp atrociously.

"Mitherable coward!" she exclaims, "let me path!" "Pleathe thay no more!" she says again. "I am tho lonely, tho lonely in this month!"

Miss Moore, when feigning emotion, rolls her eyes as though she had a hot potato in her mouth.

Her diamonds are almost as big as Pauline Hall's, and, as a burlesquer, she would be about on an artistic par with Isabella Urquhart.

There are far too many capable and hard-working actresses on the stage that an amateur like Adelaide Moore should be allowed to usurp even an hour of a patient public's time.

As I went in to see Moore I glanced at my ticket.

Orchestra. 67. Left. I sat to the left and I was left.

Ed Myerson tried at his eloquence on me. Jos. Reynolds beamed in all the rejuvenescence of a snuburnt, vacation face. It was no good.

A more unsatisfactory play unsatisfactorily produced I have rarely seen. Otis Skinner did as well as he could as the lover.

Marion Erie was capital in a little dialect character sketch.

John E. Ince raised some feeble laughs. But neither Marion Erie, nor Otis Skinner, nor John Ince made the hit of the evening.

That honor was reserved for Frazer Coulter, who played the villain. In act three Coulter fired off his revolver and hit the stage moon so effectively that he shot it out amid tremendous applause!

That was the hit of the night. I saw quite a number of actresses at Jerome Park the other afternoon.

Among them I spotted Carrie Turner, Mollie Fuller, Lillian Russell, Cora Tinnie, Mae Branson, Carrie Perkins, May Irwin, Ray Douglas, Kate Howe, Caprice Van Lissa, Carrie Burton, May Butler, Louise Balfie and Nettie Harrington.

I thought I caught a glimpse of Barrymore amid all this crush of fair midsummer femininity. Barrymore, I hear, is to be the hero of the play founded on "Lord Dunmersey," the new novel by Leander Richardson. A striking novel that.

We are told in the beginning of the book that the real Lord Dunmersey has gone shooting in Africa, and that his cousin, the black sheep of the family, who has led the life of an adventurer, takes advantage of the situation to assume the title and masquerade

Life and battles of John L. Sullivan, Jake Kilrain, Jack Dempsey and Tom Sayers. All handsomely illustrated. Price, 25 cents each. RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York City.

through America in search of plunder. On the ship coming over the bogus Lord Dunmersey falls in with a rich Chicago girl, and seduces her. Later, he is obliged to fight a duel over this episode, and owing to this and other escapades, which he passes through without a tremor, he becomes a great social success in New York. In due course he falls seriously in love with a fine, beautiful young lady, whose life he saves in a runaway—which is an amazingly exciting bit of writing, by the way. The awakening of this love, the first serious or exalted passion he has ever known, fills him with bitter regret for the past and fears for the future. He resolves to be a man of honor, and tries to lead a worthy life, when he is confronted by a wicked and pitiless woman who was at one time his accomplice in Europe. She throws every obstacle in his way, and ultimately brings about his ruin. Through her he is attacked at night by the man with whom he has previously fought on the field of honor. A desperate encounter in the dark ensues, and the bogus lord slays his assailant. In the very act of killing this man, "Lord Dunmersey's" photograph is taken, by flash light, and this positive evidence of his guilt—the only evidence in existence—is employed by the adventurers, who is his enemy, to extort a large sum of money from him. He pays her price and she ostensibly destroys the photograph, but in reality furnishes the police with a copy of it. The officers are hot upon the trail of the offender, and he sees disaster before and all around him.

I hailed a hansom the other night and was driven to the Fourteenth Street Theatre.

The melodrama, "Mankind," now running there, is decidedly old fashioned in tone, but it is well put on and well acted.

There is a persecuted hero and an unfortunate heroine: there are three old villains and one young villain; we run across a duke; we are placed face to face with a costermonger and his wife; we stumble across a child, and we witness a fight between a couple of bobbies.

Of course there is a lost will and a lost child in the play, but there are, besides, a realistic trip on a channel steamer, a brutal murder and a fine mob scene.

That murder in the office, where old Groodge strangles his partner, is a masterpiece of artistic and forceful work.

Will Thompson, who does the wicked old man, is superb in make-up and brilliant in acting, and deserves the highest, fullest praise.

Thompson, I hear, once told Frank Murray that he wanted to play Cardinal Richelieu before he got through with character creation.

I hope he will. Thompson would, I am certain, drag the delineation of the cardinal out of its present conventionalism and endow it with great historic novelty.

Grouped around Thompson in "Mankind" are a very fair set of actors and actresses.

Forrest Robinson was properly virtuous as the hero. Marjorie Bonner religiously came on in black and red and whimpered for her child.

Steve Springer was first rate as second old villain.

Clarence Heritage made a bold bluff at villainy.

Alf Fisher and Maggie Holloway were an amusing couple.

But the best thing in the play is that murder done by the senile hands of Groodge, and I strongly advise you to go and see it.

Frank McKee, who twirls his silver-headed cane in the lobby, is in front to welcome you.

Mary Shaw, who, as you remember, played the leading role in "Mankind" when that play was produced by Augustin Daly some years ago, is back in town.

Miss Shaw has several plays and several offers under consideration. She is certainly one of the brightest talkers and cleverest mimics whom it has been my good fortune to meet in some time. She is as full of souvenirs and anecdotes as the average chorus girl's love letter is full of orthographic blunders or requests for dust.

"One night while playing Alice, in 'Mankind,'" said she, among other things, "as I was on in the channel steamer scene, I happened to inadvertently push open one of the stage cabin doors. In the steamer scene George Parkes was concealed behind the door of the cabin talking meanwhile to another in the cast. Parkes was always fond of geying me, and when I, as Alice, frantically beat against those doors and disclosed him to view, Parkes exclaimed audibly and coolly: 'Come, come, Mary, this cabin is for 'Gentlemen Only.' It broke me all up.'"

Magician Herrmann has organized the Vaudeville Transatlantic Company, and George W. Lederer and Ted Marks run it for him. It's a specialty company, and a good one.

First come Harry Pepper and Carrie Tuteln. Pepper has as much stomach as ever, and Tuteln as little voice.

The Athols, in "Spider and Fly," do some wonderful contortions.

Eunice Vance came out at first in a sober Quaker dress and sang a nasal song, terminating each verse with a can-can-esque step. Then she appeared in tights and sang a song like this:

Little Tottie Coughdrop, I love you;
Little Tottie Coughdrop, I'll be true;
Oh, you little tart,
You have won my heart,
Little Tottie Coughdrop, I love you.

Tholen and his singing poodle, Boulanger, next amused the audience.

It was a good-natured matinee audience. Among them I spied Bob Hilliard, Ben Stevens, Frank Lawton, Frank Tannehill, James Jay Braly, T. Cronin, Edward Lamb, Edward E. Rice, Marcus Mayer.



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Katie Seymour, said to be the original skirt dancer, tripped about with dainty and unuring grace.

Gus Williams created something of merriment in his specialty, but he ought to shed that dress suit and go back to his old costume.

Rose Newham, Minnie Talbot, Kittle Talbot and Daisy Lynton then hopped forth and displayed eight very slim legs and twenty-four fluted and embroidered petticoats.

This dance, said to be the rage of London, did not fail to catch on in New York.

Le Petit Freddy, of the Folies Bergeres, Paris, made himself a favorite as a musical prodigy.

The famous Trewer, who can make his hands speak almost as well as the soft brim of his hat, was received with wild enthusiasm.

And the Tacchi and the Pinauds wound up the entertainment in a whirl of acrobatic excitement.

Decidedly, variety has invaded the high price houses, and we are wild for skirt dancing.

Strange how tastes have changed. Fanny Ellsler, it is true, by her dancing, was allowed to help to build Bunker Hill monument over fifty years ago.

But our Puritans never liked Terpsichore. The preachers interfered in everything, from the election of a Governor to the establishment of a dancing school.

Dr. John Witherspoon, who was president of Princeton College, and a signer of the Declaration of Independence, wrote a big book against stage players.

In 1834 Mr. Francis Steppner set up a dancing school in Boston. The ministers became alarmed. They issued a tract:

"An Arrow against Profane and Promiscuous Dancing. Drawn out of the Quiver of the Scrip ures" (the title bearing the motto of "The Dance is a Circle whose Centre is the Devil"), and in this they informed their fellow-townsmen that "such Church members in N. E. as have sent their children to be Practitioners or Spectators of mixt Dancing between Young Men and Maidens, have cause to be deeply humbled."

"But stand still a while! What a word is here! Church members and their children in New England at mixt Dances! Be astonished, O ye heavens! without doubt, Abraham is ignorant of us, and Israel knoweth us not!"

One minister objected to long hair, as "contrary to the word of God, and to nature, and shameful."

Another minister found fault with "Hooped Petticoats," as "contrary to the Light of Nature."

Now all that is changed. Every company this season will have its skirted dancers.

Amelia Glover, Edith Cruske, Ida Heath, Nellie Bennett, Edith Macklin and I don't know how many more will try to make Dr. Brown-Sequard's elixir a superfluous article to the baldheads of the front row.

Down at Niblo's, in "Antiope," the Kralffy show, there are two very attractive trippers on the light fantastic toe.

Alice Gilbert is pretty from front and graceful. Swelldom and Doubledollar in the lobby, between the acts, discussed whether she was in love with the poor comedian in the play or not, and our friend Reeves couldn't solve the problem.

Senorita Carmencita dances a Spanish dance with an eccentric abandon of the arms, a whirl of the hips, an ambitious elevation of the feet, a provoking smile of the yellow face, a suggestive squint of the eyes and a wild serpentine twist of the torso.

Just a look at the girls before we close. Hope Booth, soubrette and ingenue, is in town disengaged.

Georgie Parker is at liberty, and "Jakey Schmidt" has a rest.

Laura Burt and Jack Smiley were in front at "Mankind" the other night.

Bernhardt has gone into mourning for her husband Damala, and Roland Reed has built a monument to Alice Hastings.

Mat Estelle was not a glittering success as a star in this city.

Grace Kimball, who, I am told, was very weak as Miranda, in "The Tempest," McVicar's, Chicago, this summer, is in town.

Pauline Markham is engaged to play "Anarchy" in the new "Spider and Fly" production. Her new topical song, "Well, I think not," is said to be a hummer.

I overheard a conversation between a follower of Rosini and a follower of Wagner the other afternoon.

"Well, dago, how vas tings mit you?"

"Ah, no-a good. I play-a *Proteore* de whole-a day-a, and get-a not-a dam-a cent."

"Vot I tole you? Dot Italian moose was so dead like a door nail. Come along mit us und play the clarinet. Ve got tree men already, two trombones und a flute, und ve only vant a clarinet und ve can play *Niebelungen* right away quick."

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DEMPSEY DOWNED!

Knocked Out by Le
Blanche in the Cal-
ifornia Athletic
Club.

THIRTY-TWO ROUNDS FOUGHT.

A Tremendous Blow From
the Marine Settles the
Business.

THOUSANDS WITNESS THE MILL

And Thousands of Dol-
lars Change Hands
on the Result.

DEMPSEY THE FAVORITE ALL THROUGH.

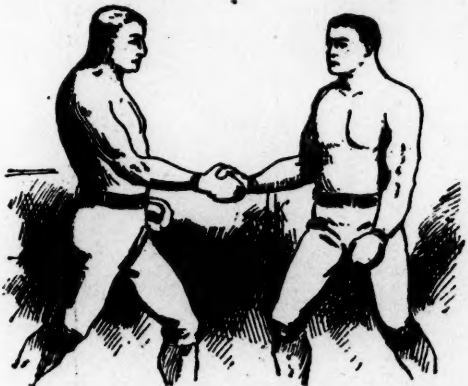
Kelleher's Forty-Two
Round Fight with
Ellingsworth.

THE LATTER KNOCKED OUT.

[WITH ILLUSTRATIONS AND PORTRAITS.]

Since the last issue of the POLICE GAZETTE two remarkable pugilistic encounters have occurred—both of them in the land of sports—California. On Tuesday, August 20, Denny Kelleher, of Boston, and Joe Ellingsworth, of this city, fought in the Southern California Athletic Club rooms in Los Angeles.

On August 27 a glove fight which has been the subject of comment in sporting circles for weeks took place in the California Athletic Club rooms. It was between Jack Dempsey and Le Blanche, the Marine.



THE TWO MEN SHAKE HANDS.

The following telegram was received by the POLICE GAZETTE from its special correspondent on the early morning after the fight:

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 28.—No pugilistic event on the Pacific Coast in recent years has excited so much interest as the fight between Dempsey and Le Blanche. The men fought in March, 1888, near New York city, and Dempsey won in thirteen rounds. In accounting for his defeat, however, Le Blanche has insisted that he was fouled by the Williamsburgher, and that he fought Dempsey at his own game—that is, under the rules of the London prize ring.

The battle last night was with big gloves, for the middle-weight championship and a purse of \$5,500—\$500 to the loser. Conflicting reports concerning the training and condition of the men had been in circulation for two weeks, but the "fancy" were offering \$100 to \$35 on the Nonpareil yesterday, with very few takers, although they admitted that Dempsey's chances would be vastly better were the fight under London instead of Queensberry rules.

At eight o'clock crowds began to move toward the doors of the Club. There was no attempt at decoration. The ring, reared four feet, stood in the corner of the immense hall, and 2,000 people surrounded it. Among the notables present were ex-Senator Fair, Lloyd Teris, Congressman Chenie, Mr. Chamberlain of the Examiner, Postmaster Bryant, Capt. Hooker of the revenue cutter Rush, and a sprinkling of State senators and millionaires and army officers. Paddy Ryan, Jimmy Carroll, Young Mitchell, Tommy Warren, the Murphys, Joe McAniff, Pat Killen, Mike Lucie and many other lesser lights of the ring elbowed the nabobs. It was a notable gathering and the greatest of its kind in the history of the California Athletic Club. Light weights Billy Dacey of New York and Delancey of Brooklyn opened the ceremonies in a friendly set-to, but all interest was centered in the fight of the night.

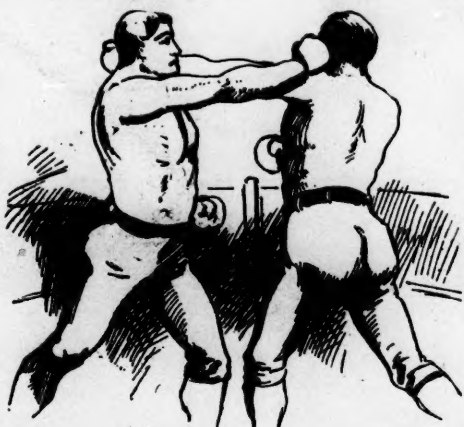
Finally, at 9:35 o'clock, when the rooms were crowded to suffocation, Dempsey and Le Blanche entered the ring amid tremendous cheering.

Dempsey's weight was 151 pounds and Le Blanche's 161. Timers, Saxe for Dempsey; Grauey for Le Blanche, and Coleman for the Club. Dave Campbell and D. Costigan were chosen seconds for Dempsey, and Prof. Donaldson and Martin Murphy for Le Blanche. Hiram Cook was chosen referee.

As the men entered the ring he of \$100 to \$40 were offered on Dempsey and were freely taken by Le Blanche's friends. As the two men shook hands the cheering was deafening.

ROUND 1.—The men sparred cautiously for a moment when Le Blanche led with his right, but Dempsey avoided the blow by jumping back. Le Blanche again led and caught Dempsey lightly on the wind. A clinch followed. This was repeated as the round closed.

2.—Dempsey opened with a short blow on the Marine's chest. A clinch followed, during which Le



LE BLANCHE RECEIVED A STAGGERING BLOW ON THE EAR.

Blanche caught Dempsey in the side. As soon as they broke Dempsey landed a good right-hander on the Marine's jaw. A short clinch followed, and the Marine slipped to the floor. The round closed with some light fighting.

3.—Dempsey reached the Marine's neck, and received a hard one in the breast in return. In half a minute Dempsey landed a hard one on Le Blanche's chin, which caused the latter to stagger a little. Several lunges were made by each man, but no harm was done.

4.—Dempsey backed away from Le Blanche, and then got in two light blows on the latter's head. During a clinch which followed Dempsey came near going to the floor. A moment before the round closed Dempsey again landed on the Marine's chin, and the latter responded with a vicious rush, forcing Dempsey against the ropes.

5.—The men clinched, and the Marine threw the Nonpareil to the floor and a storm of mingled hisses and applause. Some sharp fighting at close range followed, in which neither had the advantage. The Marine struck Dempsey a smart blow on the forehead as the round closed.

6.—At the opening of this round the Marine, amid a storm of hisses, lifted Dempsey on his hip and tried to throw him to the floor. He followed this with several rushes, but accomplished little. Loud cries of foul were heard on every side, and great confusion followed, but the referee would not allow the claim.

7.—Le Blanche made a vicious lunge and landed lightly on Dempsey's jaw. He followed this up quickly, and caught Dempsey two or three times in the same spot just before the round closed. Dempsey responded with two heavy left-handers on Le Blanche's chin.

8.—Dempsey landed with much force on the Marine's ear, which he also visited the next second. A clinch followed, and as the men broke away Le Blanche struck Dempsey a stinging blow on the jaw, which staggered the latter. Loud cries of foul were heard, but the claim was not allowed. Some spirited fighting at close quarters completed the round.

9.—Le Blanche opened with a rush and clinched with the Nonpareil, and then threw him heavily to the ground. Another cry of foul was raised, but was not allowed. Dempsey next gave the Marine a sharp upper cut, but the latter caught Dempsey well in the neck a moment later.

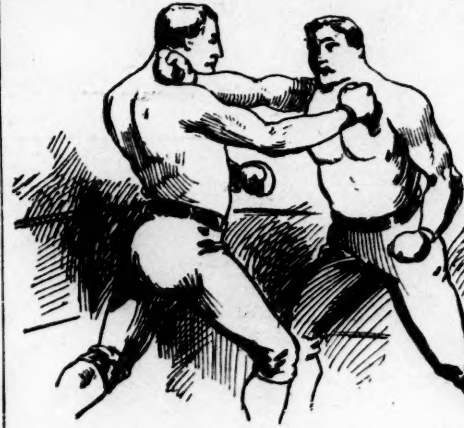
10.—Le Blanche again attempted to rush the fight, but in two of his efforts Dempsey struck him staggering blows on the jaw, which caused him to be more careful. After the gong had rung for the close of the round, Le Blanche struck Dempsey a hard blow on the face and then retired to his corner. Dempsey walked over to him and landed a hard one on the Marine's neck, which made the latter groggy.

11.—This round was a series of clinches, and nothing was accomplished by either man.

12.—This was a repetition of the eleventh.

13.—Dempsey landed heavily with his right on Le Blanche's jaw three times, and followed with a hard right-hander on his ribs. Just before the round closed he caught Le Blanche again in the neck, but the latter responded with a good blow on Dempsey's chest.

14.—Dempsey repeated his attack on the Marine's jaw and the latter appeared to be a little unsteady. Dempsey sent in two hard right-handers on Le Blanche's jaw just before the round was finished.



LE BLANCHE IN-FIGHTING.

15.—Dempsey opened with vigor, but his efforts to rush the Marine generally ended in a clinch. The Marine again took a turn at rushing, and once succeeded in giving Dempsey a sharp, stinging blow above the eyes.

16.—Le Blanche started in aggressive, but several lively clinches followed, in which he had the worst of it. Near the close Dempsey landed with his right with awful force on the other's nose.

17.—Dempsey again opened on the Marine's jaw, but received a bad one on the ear in return. The Marine

then made a vicious lunge, but received a smasher on the neck and another on the wind.

18.—The Marine opened by landing on Dempsey's cheek, and he followed the blow up with one on the wind. Dempsey replied with four stinging right-handers on Le Blanche's jaw and neck, one of which knocked him square on his back.

19.—Dempsey opened with three well-aimed blows on the Marine's neck, and before the close he had put four more in the same place, the last of which sent Le Blanche heavily to the floor, being the first knock-down. Uproarious applause followed.

From this up to the twenty-ninth round Le Blanche seemed the fresher man of the two and the bettors began to hedge.

The greatest excitement prevailed and everybody appeared to be going crazy with enthusiasm.

In the thirty-second round the jig was declared up when Le Blanche, by a heavy blow, knocked the Nonpareil out, and the Marine was declared the winner.

P. H.

THE KELLEHER-ELLINGSWORTH FIGHT.

In the Kelleher-Ellingsworth fight Kelleher proved the victor after forty-two rounds had been fought. The fight was according to Marquis of Queensberry rules, for a purse of \$1,500. Kelleher scaled 153½ pounds, and Ellingsworth 149 pounds. The former was the favorite at 20 to 15, and he fulfilled the anticipations of his backers and admirers.

At 9 o'clock they entered the ring. Kelleher was seconded by Pete McCoy and Geo. Durkee. The seconds for Ellingsworth were Ed Cuffe, John Sullivan and Tommy Danforth. Jack Perry was referee. Theodore Metzler was timekeeper for the club.

The following, telegraphed to the POLICE GAZETTE, gives the full story of the contest from the 8th round, the first important one, to the termination of the fight:

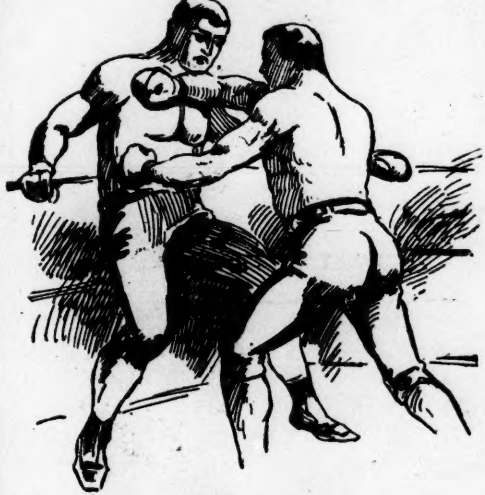
ROUND 8.—Kelleher led with his right on Ellingsworth's ear. Neither man was very anxious to fight.

9 AND 10.—The blows from both fell short.

11.—Kelleher got in one on Ellingsworth's mouth.

12.—Ellingsworth endeavored to force the fighting, but Kelleher kept out of his reach.

13.—Ellingsworth led with his left, but failed. The



DEMPSEY GOT TIRED.

men got to close quarters, but struck light. Kelleher got in his left twice on Ellingsworth's left optic.

14.—Clever sparring, with no results.

15.—Kelleher forced the fighting, and at the close of the round got Ellingsworth on the ropes, but the latter avoided punishment.

16.—Ellingsworth confined his attention to Kelleher's wind and tapped his heart lightly. Ellingsworth got his left fair on Kelleher's mouth at the close of the round.

17 TO 21.—Long-distance sparring, and at the end of the twenty-first both were fresh as when they began.

22.—Kelleher led with his right on Ellingsworth's head, knocking him down. He rose groggy, but Kelleher failed to take advantage of it, and the call of time saved Ellingsworth.

23.—Kelleher rushed the fighting, getting in his right repeatedly on Ellingsworth's face. Ellingsworth got back several times. Both were getting groggy. Kelleher had the best of the round, his right doing terrific work. Ellingsworth gained his strength and wind toward the close.

24.—Ellingsworth came up fresher and led, but did not reach. Kelleher landed a round-arm blow with his right on Ellingsworth's neck. Ellingsworth reached Kelleher's wind. Ellingsworth had a little the best of this round.

25.—Ellingsworth reached Kelleher's heart lightly with his left and followed with a heavy right-hand blow in the same place.

26, 27 and 28.—Ellingsworth played on Kelleher's wind, and the latter showed weariness.

29.—Ellingsworth got to Kelleher's wind repeatedly right and left. The latter returned to his clever uppercuts with his right.

30.—Ellingsworth now much the freshest and pushing Kelleher. The latter landed his left on Ellingsworth's face once.

31.—Light sparring. Kelleher landed his right twice on Ellingsworth's face, and got in a left round arm on the latter's cheek. Ellingsworth played twice on Kelleher's wind.

32 TO 36.—No effective blows struck by either.

37.—Ellingsworth led with his left on Kelleher's nose, getting first blood. Kelleher got his right on Ellingsworth's head at the close of the round.

38.—Ellingsworth repeatedly got in on Kelleher's wind and tapped his nose again. Kelleher was very shaky at the end of the round.

40 AND 41.—Ellingsworth continued to get in body blows effectively.

42.—Kelleher got in a terrific right-hander on Ellingsworth's face, knocking him down and out. He got up at the call of ten seconds and hung on to the ropes, but could not face Kelleher.

and lady who were swapping sweet nothings on a near-by bench near the Iron Pier. The lady was the exclamatory citizen's wife, and the male swapper was making love to her. When last seen the trio were having a lively time, and the gentleman and his wife finally returned to town together. The husband is a local politician and his wife's name is a Brooklyn lawyer.

MASHED BY A CONDUCTOR.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

There is unusual rejoicing among the ladies of Mt. Vernon, Ohio, over the thrashing which was recently given to a "women masher" on a B. & O. train by an indignant conductor, who had witnessed the fellow's advances. The masher, who is a member of a local m. l., recently went on an excursion, and in coming back tried to get up a flirtation with a lady on the train closely related to Conductor Harry Connors. She was asleep and the man went over to the seat occupied by her and sat down, laying one hand on her person and putting his face close to hers. The conductor was in the car and watched the man's conduct. No sooner did he undertake these liberties than the enraged conductor, grabbing him around the neck, commenced pummeling him. The masher showed fight, but the conductor knocked him down seven different times and left his mark on his face, cutting and bruising it until it looked as though it had been run through a sausage machine. None of the passengers interfered, although blood flew in every direction. The masher does not now show himself. He has been notified to keep away from the B. & O. depot except on business, because of his penchant for annoying passengers.

A BROOKLYN, N. Y., MURDER.

[WITH ILLUSTRATION AND PORTRAIT.]

A most revolting murder was perpetrated in Brooklyn on Thursday morning, Aug. 22. Christian W. Luca, a groceryman, doing business at the corner of High and Jay streets, was the victim, and at least one of a Cherry Hill gang of loafers is liable to suffer the extreme penalty of the law for the offence.

Luca was a genial German, who had formerly been in the milk business. On the early morning in question he was, with the members of the family, in the rooms over the store, when he heard a noise in the back room. He hurried to the room, where he met a burglar, whom he grasped. The burglar drew a knife and stabbed him several times. Luca hallowed for assistance, and his wife and a domestic hurried to his aid. By that time Luca was dying. The domestic grabbed the burglar by the coat-tails, but he shook himself loose and escaped from the window, whence he had entered. As he was rushing down street he was captured, as were his two confessed comrades, who were "keeping watch." The murderer is Charles McElvaine. Martin Dennis and Thomas Quinlan, his accomplices, are also in custody, as is McElvaine's wife.

TWO LOVERS KILL THEMSELVES.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

One morning recently the wife of Attorney W. H. Tupper of Fresno, Cal., knocked at the door of Elizabeth Verner, her servant girl, and receiving no response she opened the door, and she saw on the bed the girl and her lover, Anders Olsen, clasped in each other's arms. The girl was dead and Olsen died in a few minutes. On the table near was found an empty bottle that had contained poison. The most plausible reason for the supposed suicide seems to be that the couple desired to be married, but their love affairs were interfered with by another party who was a constant visitor to the house. Both were of Danish descent.

THEY FOUGHT FOR A GIRL.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A seventeen-round prize fight took place one night recently at De Soto, Mo., between Joseph Bradford and Ola Johnson. The evening before, Bradford had made some remarks about a pretty blonde named Miss Theobalds, who keeps counter in a baker's shop. Johnson, hearing these remarks, promptly knocked Bradford down, which led to a challenge from Bradford. Everything being arranged, the men met a few miles from town the next evening and went at each other for all they were worth. After fighting for some time, Johnson won the first knockdown, and in the seventeenth round the referee declared the battle a draw.

VERY NEAR AN ANGEL.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

While a picnic was in progress at Sheffield Park, Chicago, recently, an Italian pedlar of toy balloons tried to serve two purchasers at once, and in doing so let go of his string. The cord got twisted about Sophia Schwab, aged two, and before she could be caught the little one was swept 100 feet up in the air and out over Lake Michigan. A sharpshooter named "Gus" Koch, who attended the picnic with his repeating rifle, hurriedly jumped into a boat with two companions and pulled out into range. He succeeded in piercing several of the balloons, and before they finally reached the water the boat was at the spot and they took the girl into it.

SWEPT OVER THE FALLS.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Minnie and Winnie Colligan, two young girls of Lambertville, N. J., recently accepted an invitation to go rowing with James Mullen, who is employed at the Lambertville Hotel as bartender. The river was high, being swollen from the recent heavy rains. They approached what is known as Wells Falls; the boat became unmanageable, and they were carried by the current through the falls. The girls were drowned, while Mullen clung tenaciously to the boat and was rescued. He was almost exhausted when taken off the boat, and could only tell an incoherent story of how the drowning occurred.

SOL SMITH RUSSELL.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

In our theatrical gallery this week we reproduce the features of Sol Smith Russell as he appears in his character picture, "A Poor Relation," in a three-act play by E. E. Kidder. Mr. Russell is one of the most artistic and popular comedians of first rank in the country, and his present four weeks' engagement at Daly's theatre, New York, has been, so far, crowned with merited success.

VANDERBILT PORT'S EXCURSION.—The Grand Annual Excursion of Vanderbilt Post, No. 135, G. A. R., to Cold Spring Harbor, will take place Sunday, Sept. 1. Barge leaves Ninety-first street, East River, at 10 A. M.

CAPTURED BY THE CAMERA OBSCURA.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

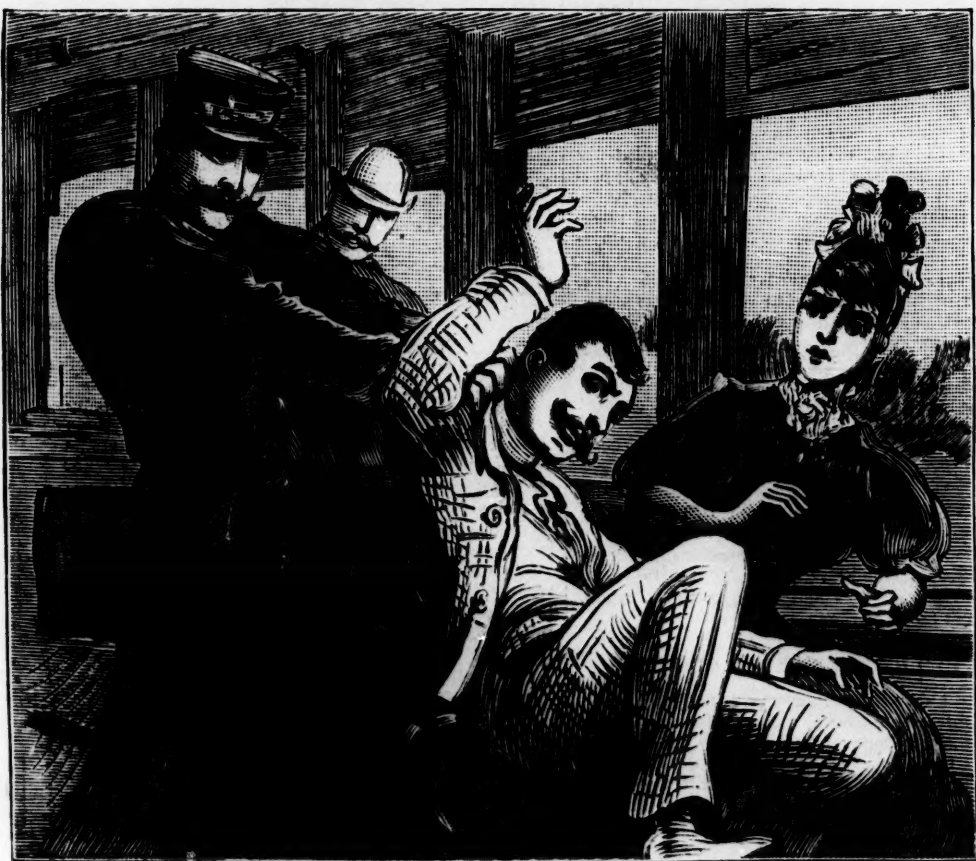
A very interesting scene was witnessed near the camera obscura at Coney Island recently. The camera obscura is a building which is run by Professor Henry Janton. By means of a revolving mirror in the cupola everything within seeing distance for a mile or so is depicted upon a table within the building true to life. On the late afternoon of the day in question, while Professor Janton was manipulating his camera, a gentleman paid his initiation fee and entered. Suddenly, as the table revolved, a scene was depicted that caused the gentleman to utter an emphatic exclamation. It took him exactly two minutes to open the door, and in another second he had assaulted a gentleman



CUTE XESIA CARLSTADT,
A PLUMP AND PRETTY PLAYER IN RICE'S COMPANY OF MERRY BURLESQUERS.



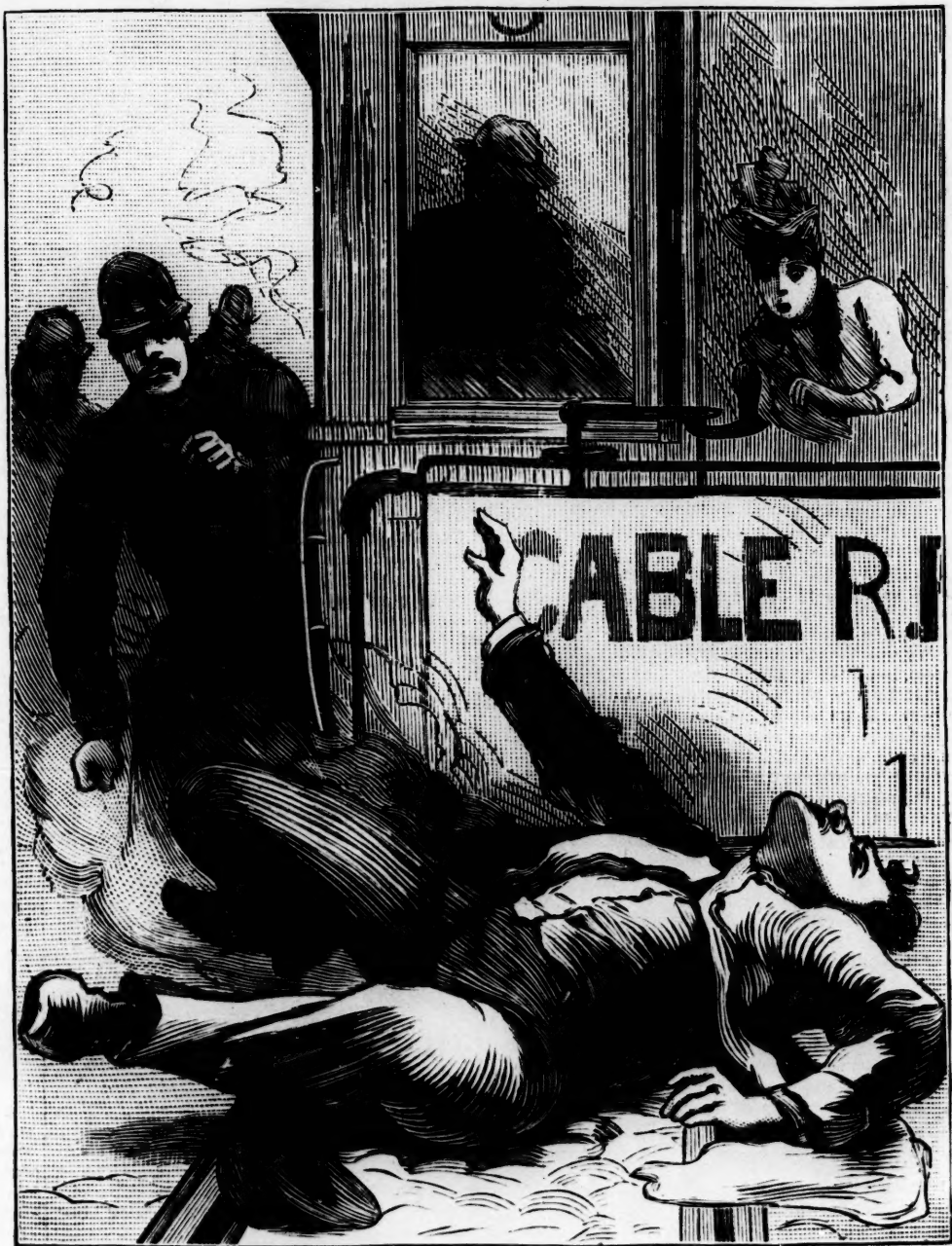
GIDDY GIRLEY CAMPERS.
TWO LUSCIOUS PENNSYLVANIA GIRLS WHO ARE GAINING BRAWN, MUSCLE AND
HEALTH IN THE DENSE MAINE BACKWOODS.



MASHED BY A CONDUCTOR.
A PROMINENT CITIZEN OF MOUNT VERNON, OHIO, SOUNDLY THRASHED FOR
MAKING FREE WITH A MARRIED WOMAN.



SOL SMITH RUSSELL, COMEDIAN,
AS "A POOR RELATION" NOW AT DALY'S THEATRE, NEW YORK.



HE GOT TIRED OF LIFE.
A BRUNSWICK, MO., CITIZEN, CHARGED WITH THEFT THROWS HIMSELF IN FRONT
OF A CABLE CAR AND IS CROWDED OUT.



WHERE IS WILLIAM E. DENNY?
THE EX-ASSISTANT POSTMASTER OF BOONVILLE, IND.,
WHO IS WANTED FOR MALFEASANCE IN OFFICE.



SHE SUED MERCHANT SNYDER.
SENA LARSON, A DOMESTIC, OF CANTON, O., WANTS RE-
MUNERATION FOR DAMAGES TO HER REPUTATION.



FERDINAND CAROLIN,
WHO BUTCHERED HIS WIFE BRIDGET AT NO. 47 STAN-
TON STREET, NEW YORK, ON MARCH 15, 1888.



JAMES NOLAN,
WHO SHOT HIS MISTRESS, EMMA BUCH, AT NO. 9 SECOND
STREET, NEW YORK, ON NOV. 20, 1888.



JOHN LEWIS,
WHO KILLED HIS SWEETHEART, ALICE JACKSON, AT NO.
84 W. 3D STREET, NEW YORK, ON JULY 17, 1888.



PATRICK PACKENHAM,
WHO MURDERED HIS WIFE BRIDGET AT NO. 212 WEST
27TH STREET, NEW YORK, ON APRIL 2, 1888.



A BROOKLYN, N. Y., MURDER.

A GROCERYMAN FATALLY STABBED WHILE GRAPPLING WITH A BURGLAR, WHO IS, WITH HIS PALS, ARRESTED,

TEN LIVES LOST

And Innumerable Casualties at a Fire in New York.

A HORRIBLE HOLOCAUST.

Thrilling and Awful Scenes at the Seventh Avenue Conflagration.

WHO WAS THE INCENDIARY?

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The POLICE GAZETTE is under the painful necessity of recording particulars of a terrible holocaust which occurred at No. 307 7th avenue on Monday morning, Aug. 19, in which ten lives were lost and several more maimed. (At the number mentioned is the restaurant of John Snyder, which is known as an all-night place. Above this place lived fully sixty souls—the souls of the very poor, honest, industrious people, but unskilled in the arts of money-getting. All through the block, from street to street, is banked a solid mass of similar tenements, all owned by Sire & Sons, and bearing the pleasant-sounding title of the Mitchell Flats.



JOHN SNYDER.

His vigorous language, scarcely printable here, was very expressive and very true, and it scarcely would have tickled the ears of Sire & Sons.

If John Snyder tells the truth, a careless man in his employ as night cook named Walter Brooks, a black man, put a big lump of fat on the stove just before 5 o'clock and then went out to a neighboring clock. Snyder, so he says, was out in front, sweeping the sidewalk. His brother, Solomon, who keeps a fish store next door on the south, but in the same building, had not opened shop. The people overhead were all abed. Across the street, on a neighboring corner, stood Policemen Warner and McCullough, of the Nineteenth Precinct, tapping their clubs softly and talking together. The avenue was deserted.

Suddenly flames leaped out from door and window. Snyder ran inside, and, seizing a bucket of water, essayed to quench the fire—tried to sweep back the



SCENE OF THE FIRE.

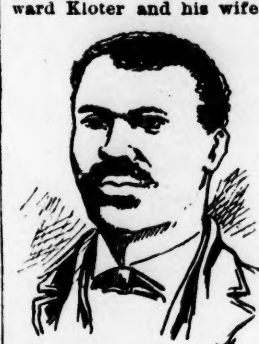
ocean with a broom, as it were. Brooks, however, ran up stairs to give an alarm. A young fellow, barkeeper in the adjoining saloon, rushed sleepily out, and finding the tenants over head threatened, valiantly ran up stairs and pounded at their doors. But he had no time for No. 307, and those who might have done his work were wanting.

And now a scream is heard from the windows above. It is a woman's voice, shrill and high, bearing the dreadful message beyond which there is none—Fire, fire, fire! Others take it up, and the house, now filled with smoke and flying cinders and the hot breath of the flames cutting their way through the dry and musty woodwork. The policemen hear at last and rush to the scene, shouting aloud of fire and beating the pavements with their locusts. Then faces appear at the windows—ghastly faces, pursued by flames. Human forms in the white garments of the night creep out upon the frail fire-escapes and crawl north and south to refuge, looking back the while and shouting words of cheer to those behind. In the third story ap-

pears a man wrapped round about in flame. He strives to reach the window, falls, falls, and there is where they found soon after the burned memory of stout William McKee. And still the flames mount swiftly, licking the reddening iron fire-escapes and blacking the brown-stone front of the building. You would think, to see them, that the house was saturated with kerosene. Floors, doors, furniture within melted like wax, and dissolution was but the work of a few minutes. Soon the clang of bells told that somebody had called the firemen. In a trice the life-savers were at work—alas, too late; the mischief and the saving had all been done—and a moment later the engines were stamping out the flames, a work easily accomplished.

Then came the investigation, and it was found that the hallway had been a flue carrying the bulk of the fire to the upper floors. Some of the windows had been gates of fire, closed against egress. The second and fifth floors and particularly those parts directly over the restaurant, were the scenes of the greatest fatality.

No man ever will know all the details of the harrowing tragedy which in a brief dozen of minutes was played in that building, but some may be told. Edward Kloter and his wife and four children were



BROOKS, THE COOK.

aroused by fire and smoke, got themselves together and tried to escape by the stairs, but found the way cut off. Then Mrs. Kloter thought of the fire-escape and led the way thither, and hospitable Mrs. McDermott, living on their south, took them in and got them clothes to wear. Mrs. Shannon, who was confined only two weeks ago, Mrs. McDermott standing medical spon-

sor to the undoctored child, had a narrow escape from her bed on the top floor, which is best told in the language of her husband:

"We were all asleep when the fire broke out," he said. "I was waked up by the people howling in the street. I got up and opened the door, and the smoke



AN ATTEMPT AT RESCUE.

in the hall was so thick that I was nearly strangled. I ran back and woke my wife and grabbed the baby and started for the roof.

"The people in the house crowded about the ladder. I got my wife and baby out and then started to get some clothes, but I was frightened and nearly strangled by the smoke and managed to find the ladder again before I was overcome. When I got out I was so dazed that it took me some time to collect my senses. My wife was taken in by Mrs. Garvey of 305. We lost all of our clothing and everything, and my wife is suffering greatly from the shock."

"I saw Johnnie Glennon carrying up his old mother," said Frank Burke, who escaped with his brother. "He had her under one arm and he held on to the balusters with his other hand. The fire had charred and bleached it. Their father, old William Glennon, did not know that his wife had escaped and he went back to look for her. His son William went back to bring him out, but it was too late, and he could not get through the flames. I had to pull Mat Coly out of bed and drag him upstairs to the roof."

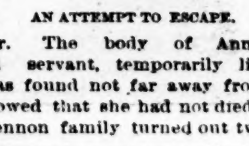
One of the saddest incidents was the death of Mrs. Wales and her two little children. When they were aroused the father took his two eldest children in his arms and started for the roof, as it was impossible to go downstairs.

He called to his wife to follow him with the two younger ones. The smoke was so thick that she must have lost her way, for when her husband reached the top floor he could see her nowhere.

He left the two children on the roof and started back to her assistance, but the flames drove him up again. The bodies of all three were found in the hallway by the firemen. They had been smothered to death and horribly burned. The two little children were found in their mother's arms.

The body of pretty Nellie McGeoghen was found huddled up in a heap beside that of her aunt before the fire was fairly out. An ambulance surgeon from the New York Hospital found her and, taking her in his arms, he bore her to the outer air and vainly tried to resuscitate her. But he was too late. Life had gone forever.

It is believed that Miss McGeoghen might have saved herself had she not stayed by her aunt. Mrs. Jeffry, who was an invalid living on a pension left by her husband, an old soldier, a middle-aged servant, temporarily living with Mrs. Jeffry, was found not far away from them. Her remains showed that she had not died a painful death. The Glennon family turned out two



AN ATTEMPT TO ESCAPE.

heroes—by the way, how many there are among these humble folk!—in John and William, Jr. When awakened by the flames they rushed into their mother's room, seized her, swiftly but tenderly, and rushed down the smoked filled and dangerous stairs, bringing her safely to the street. Then they rushed back to get their father, but it was too late, and they could save only themselves by heroic efforts. They rushed about

the streets crying and wringing their hands until friends prevailed on them to enter an ambulance and have their very severe burns attended to. The aged father perished, but the mother was saved.



SUCCUMBING TO THE SMOKE.

Then came the gossips and the baby carriages and thronged the avenue. The police fought curiously with busy clubs, and all the open-mouthed wonder and delight which follows a tragedy, great or small, real or mimic, was witnessed. The ambulances bearing the dead to the station-house were followed by a gaping crowd, and the wails of the bereaved, sounding from neighboring windows, tickled the ears as with a relict.

The authorities took hold quickly. Acting Capt. Schmittberger, of the Nineteenth precinct, had the ward detectives out promptly, and it was not long before they had Snyder and Brooks behind the bars. The people in the neighborhood were very severe against John Snyder, and it is quite evident that the evil character of his place has caused them much annoyance. Mrs. Doyle, a matronly woman who has lived next door ever since the houses were built, says that there was another mysterious fire in the restaurant one Sunday night about four years ago, but it did not do much damage, however. He was charged with drunkenness and family irregularity, and it was said that he owed everybody. When taken to the station-house, Acting Capt. Schmittberger found a fire insurance policy for \$1,000, expiring Sept. 24, in his pocket.

When seen at the police station, Snyder appeared as a stoutly built man of forty years, with deeply bronzed complexion and heavy black mustache. He did not appear ill at ease.

"I had just finished sweeping out the store," said he, "and had gone out upon the sidewalk with my broom, and I happened to see that there was a big blaze in the kitchen. I ran through the store back into the kitchen and found the woodwork back of the drum and range all on fire. I grabbed up a pail of water and dashed it into the flames, but it didn't seem to have any effect. I then called for Brooks, whom I had left in the kitchen, and he answered me from the back yard and came running in. I told him to go upstairs and wake up the people, and I ran outdoors and gave the alarm. I saw a colored man named Healer and

sent him around the corner to the engine house on Twenty-ninth street. I followed after him, and when we got back the whole building was in a blaze. How the fire started I can't say."

Brooks, who says he is forty-eight years old, but who doesn't look over thirty-five, corroborated his employer's story.

"I had been in the place all night," said he. "When Mr. Snyder came in everything was all right, and I was preparing to go home. I went out into the back yard, but soon heard Mr. Snyder call. I rushed back and found everything in flames. I ran upstairs and yelled 'fire,' knocking at a number of doors."

Brooks has been in Snyder's employ four years, and nothing is known against his character. He is married and lives with his family at No. 215 West Twenty-ninth street.

When questioned by Sergt. Schmittberger, Brooks denied that there was anything on the top of the range except one pot filled with hot water.

"There were no pots of grease on the range?" asked the sergeant.

"No, there were none," was the reply.

"That statement is not true," said the sergeant, "for I myself saw two pots filled with grease when I visited the premises, and a singular thing about it is that they were not burned up."

Julius Weil, a butcher at No. 321 Seventh avenue, has a chattel mortgage for \$600 on the property in Snyder's restaurant, and if there is any trouble about the insurance he will be a loser to that amount. Snyder has

been a customer of his for a long time, and owed him considerable money. Snyder confessed himself unable to pay the amount, and Mrs. Snyder, to whom the property belonged, consented to have it turned over to Weil to secure his claim. This fact would seem to show that a motive on Snyder's part for setting fire to the premises was lacking, inasmuch as the insurance would be claimed by Weil. Snyder's business, it is said, though formerly prosperous, has not been so of late.

Soon after the terrible fire was reported Coroner Hanly, accompanied by his deputy, Dr. Phillip E. Donlin, went to the Thirtieth street station and impanelled a jury from the neighborhood. After viewing the bodies there the Coroner and the jury visited the scene of the fire, where the kitchen was entered and the range examined. Several pails of grease stood upon it, but bore no signs of fire. Some of the jurymen hinted that they smelt kerosene. The Coroner, however, cautioned them not to express any opinion until the inquest.

When they went into the back yard and looked at the fire-escapes, which were unconnected with each other and had no ladders leading to the ground, their faces assumed a grimness that boded ill for the parties who had had the fire-escapes put up.

Patrick Glennan, of No. 248 West Twenty-eighth street, whose father lost his life in the fire, told the Coroner that he smelt kerosene about the stairway when he arrived at the house.

The Coroner committed John Snyder, the proprietor of the restaurant where the fire started, to the House of Detention without bail to await the inquest. The colored cook, Walter Brooks, was sent to the Tombs without bail.

Later on a bootblack named Pops informed the police that he had seen a man in his shirt sleeves and with a broom in hand acting suspiciously about the premises.

The police now state that the fire-escapes were all right, but that the fire alarm was defective or was not sent out in time.

FOUR WOMEN-KILLERS HANGED.

[WITH PORTRAITS.]

The four murderers, Packenham, Nolan, Carolin and Lewis, who have been incarcerated in the Tombs, New York, for months, were, on Friday, August 23, swung into eternity according to law. We give their pictures elsewhere.

Patrick Packenham was a painter. He lived with his wife Bridget and five children in a suit of rooms at No. 212 West Twenty-seventh street, when he wasn't doing penance for disorderly conduct on Blackwell's Island. He killed his wife about two o'clock Monday morning, April 2, 1888. He had been down from the island just five days. On Sunday he drank and quarrelled with his wife all day long. That night he drove his children out of doors. Packenham kept the house in an uproar until about 1:30 o'clock, when his eldest son, Robert, the only child who had nerve enough to stay home, ran out for a policeman. He returned with one, but Mrs. Packenham refused to make a complaint when her husband promised to behave himself and go to bed, and the policeman went away. Scarcely had he disappeared when Packenham drew a razor and sprang at his wife. Their son tried to save his mother but too late. The keen-edged razor severed the jugular vein, and she fell near the stove gasping. In a moment she was dead.

James Nolan fired five bullets from a 38-calibre revolver into Emma Buch at 9 Second street about 4 o'clock on the afternoon of Nov. 20 last. Nolan was Emma Buch's lover. She had left her husband for him. He was addicted to drink, and when intoxicated frequently abused the woman. She finally decided to leave him and told him so. She transferred her affections to a man named Barney Owens, and Nolan found them together on the day in question. He left the house abruptly and bought a 38-calibre bulldog pistol. He fired five shots altogether, and one of them proved fatal.

Ferdinand Carolin butchered his wife, Bridget, with a shingling hatchet in a back room at No. 47 Stanton street, on March 15, 1888. They rented the room, for which they paid \$3 a week to Mrs. Louisa Kleiner. Carolin was a carpenter, but had been out of work and was thinking of returning home to Germany, where he had friends. The woman, who passed as his wife, but to whom he had never been married, objected to his going because he did not intend to take her with him. She upbraided him for thinking about leaving her, on the day of the murder, and they quarrelled continually. Finally, about 3 o'clock, Carolin picked up the hatchet and began to chop the woman as he would a piece of wood. She ran out into the hall. He dragged her back by the hair of the head, and never ceased his death-dealing blows until she fell, hacked, mangled, dead at his feet.

John Lewis, alias "Black Jack," murdered Alice Jackson on the morning of July 17, 1888, in the house 84 West Third street, where she was employed as cook. She was a very handsome mulatto girl and loved Lewis, but he drank to excess frequently and was violently jealous of her. Finally she decided to leave him. He met her as she was leaving their home in Sing Sing and fired six shots at her from a revolver. Only one of them took effect. It struck her in the right ankle and maimed her for life. He fled and she came to this city. Then she went to work at 84 West Third street. About nine o'clock on the morning of July 17 he went to where she was getting breakfast ready. He walked in, pistol in hand. She saw him and screamed. She tried to run out when he fired, and a bullet buried itself in her abdomen. He fired again and the second bullet lodged near the first. Again he fired, but missed her. Alice succeeded in freeing herself and rushed out in the street, where she dropped under the elevated railroad.

A SPEEDY YOUNG BICYCLIST.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Elmer Canhenbaugh, of Webb City, Mo., is no doubt the youngest bicycle rider in the world. He is only four years old, and has lately created quite a sensation by winning a number of races. He is said to have ridden a mile in four minutes.

Elegant Colored Cabinet Photographs of Actresses. Size, 4x6 1/2. \$1.50 per dozen. No order received for less than one dozen. RICHARD E. FOX, Franklin Square, New York City.

THOSE AWFUL GIRLS,

Who Went in Bathing at
Atlantic City Attired in
Smiles

AND ONE OR TWO OTHER THINGS

A Fresh Philadelphian Ad-
ministers a Lecture and
is Doused.

A FRISKY TIME ON THE BEACH.



ATLANTIC CITY, the bathing, watering and gossiping place of Philadelphia and other leading cities, is fast looming up as a frisky resort. Only a few weeks ago the POLICE GAZETTE published a story of the escapade of Jennie Ward-Williams, who absquatulated from her husband, Actor Williams, and went glimmering with Dr. De Silva, well-known in Philadelphia society circles.

As there are no mosquitoes on Atlantic City, it seems as if the ruralists there, in order to keep up the enthusiasm necessary at a famed watering place, take unorthodox methods to keep the name of the place before the public.

And now Atlantic City looms up with another sensation, and the kittenish girls of that laving place furnished the material in the person of Nathaniel Wilkins, a moralizing resident of the Quaker City.

The aforesaid kittenish girls of the Atlantic-washed coast had an ocean to be pacified [joke] until Brother Wilkins pranced into town. The Atlantic City girls are never so happy as when they are performing the laundry act on their voluptuous persons. There is a naïve simplicity about these self-same girls, and when they indulge in the aforesaid laundry act they won't have it bruited abroad that they go into the surf for the purpose of washing their clothes. In order to dispel this idea they take very little clothes in with them,



THE GIRLIES ON THE BEACH.

and thus it is that they appear on the beach at times with a costume very much like that of the Southern major whose wardrobe consisted of a pair of spurs, a shirt collar and a large decollete smile. There is a legend to the effect that one girl, having missed her bathing costume, after considerable search, found it stowed away in her intended's razor case. And thereby hangs a tale.

Early one Sunday afternoon recently Mr. Wilkins, togged out in a broadcloth suit, a faultless array of



MR. WILKINS' LECTURE.

linen and a glossy silk tie, sauntered leisurely down the strand toward the lower end of Atlantic City. Being a gentleman endowed with the most correct ideas on propriety in dress he was shocked as he approached Boyle's bath houses at the foot of Arkansas avenue. There, stretched out indolently on the sand, were two

young ladies in bathing attire, who gave the promenaders a chance to admire the uniqueness of their garb as well as the general beauty of their figures. One was bedecked in a closely fitting suit of navy blue, rather decollete at the neck, and trimmed prodigally in yellow. Her companion's suit had a similar nobby appearance, and was garnet colored, trimmed in black.

The two young ladies were busily engaged in filling themselves full of sand preparatory to a header in the surf when Wilkins meandered along. Their velvety laughter was wafted over the sands as they idly toyed with each other's twinkling toilets and admired the contour of each other's persons. Then Wilkins



SNATCHING HIM BALDHEAD.

loomed up like the statue of Liberty in a fr; and he stopped aghast.

The girlies flirted with their eyes at him, but he wouldn't have any of it in his'n.

Pointing his Evaristical, indexical finger straight at their meagrely draped, rotund and enticing forms, he bulged this conundrum at them:

"Young ladies, do you know that it is very improper, nay, even wrong to wear such meager bathing suits? Do you think that especially on the Sabbath day you should present such an appearance in the face of so many people? Let me now accept this golden opportunity and give to each of you a few words of advice."

While the lecturer was laying down his points four athletic young men, who happened to be the escorts



THEY MAKE A PINWHEEL OF WILKINS.

of the girls, and who had left them shortly before to take another plunge, strolled up toward the spot and overheard the remarks of the clerical looking individual. With a sly wink at one another and a nod toward the surf the quartette made a rush for the lecturer. Two of them seized him by the legs and the remaining two grabbed hold of his arms.

"Why, what do you mean to do, young men?" ejaculated Wilkins, as he struggled to free himself from the clutches of the sturdy athletes.

"We intend to give you a dose of salt water etiquette a la Atlantic City," was the answer.

"How dare you? My name is Wilkins. I am a gentleman, and will not suffer such an indignity," said the prisoner.

His healthy, voluptuous howls fractured the atmosphere, and several hundred people stopped to watch the fun. A large, hamlike hand struck his plug and mashed it into concentrated-concertina dimensions. Then he was lifted bodily and was carried toward the roaring, rushing breakers. Wilkins was still howling as he was dashed into the surf. The result was that the tide took a tumble and little islands popped up their heads all around the horizon.

Wilkins had swallowed about half the ocean.

Then, probably imagining that Wilkins was in need of wringing out, the brawny young men lugged him ashore, rolled him on a barrel and squeezed him until he was almost as good as new. The girls took a hand, and finally Wilkins was headed for the train, leaking like a thunder shower and howling like a calliope.

He has threatened to have the sextette arrested, and they are waiting for him. If he shows up again there is every probability the ocean will have to send out for more water, or Atlantic City will go broke on bathing for the bargain counter remnant of the season.

QUEVEDO.

INSTRUCTOR JOE BOWERS.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Joe Bowers, the well-known pugilist and the present instructor of the Golden Gate Athletic Club, is 5 feet 10½ inches in height, and when trained weighs 150 pounds. He has won numerous battles, never having been defeated, and is considered one of the best men of his class by his many friends and admirers.

CUTE XESIA CARLSTADT.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Xesia Carlstadt has for the past two years been one of the pretty girls who figured in the artistic cohorts of E. E. Rice and captured hearts from Bangor to Frisco. Miss Carlstadt is bright, as well as pretty, and speaks our language with just the shadow of a foreign accent.

FOUR VALUABLE BOOKS—"Cockers' Guide," "Dog Pit," "Police Gazette Card Payer," and "Bar Enders' Guide"—all copiously illustrated. Price, 25 cents each. RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York City.

MRS. McDONALD SKIPS.

When She was Good, She
was Very, Very Good,
but when

SHE WAS BAD, SHE WAS HORRID.

A Story of a Silenced Priest's
Escapade with a Naughty
Woman.

THE USUAL TERMINUS.



THE TWO MEANDER.

Since the day Mrs. McDonald left her home no one has seen her in the neighborhood except once, three days after her departure, when she returned to the house dressed in the garb of a nun. Her visit was so timed that her husband would not see her. Mrs. McDonald is 44 years old. Her priestly paramour is seventeen years her junior and not at all a man who would ordinarily fascinate a woman. Mrs. McDonald is the mother of two children and the grandmother of two, Hugh Mulaney, the coachman, and Mrs. Johanna Gandy, the housekeeper, knew of Mrs. McDonald's intrigue, but neither said anything to Mr. McDonald until his wife had been gone two weeks. Mulaney said Mrs. McDonald had sworn him to secrecy.

Maysant had been stationed at Dixon, Ill., for three months. He was sent from Notre Dame into retreat at Bourbonnais Grove, near Kankakee, for neglecting his duties in the church, and it is said, because of his bibulous habits. He did not return to Notre Dame, but went from Bourbonnais Grove to Dixon, where he remained until the lopelement.

Mr. McDonald tells an interesting story of the French priest. He says:

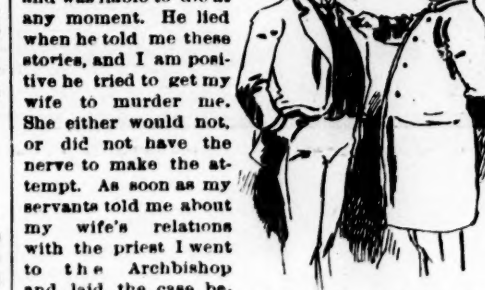
"He has blessed my food, and has even had my little boys get down on their knees that he might bless them. He first came to my house two years ago last July. My wife, who had been to church, came home and told me she had met a poor priest whom she had invited to visit us. I made no objections. The fellow came. His shoes were filled with holes, his dress was slovenly, and his manners were very offensive. But in spite of all this my wife fell violently in love with him. He seemed to have her charmed. He even put her up to rob me in the night, not only of the money that was in my clothes, but of shirts, handkerchiefs and stockings.



WINNING GRACE.

He was a frequent visitor at the house. He would eat five and six meals a day and drink my beer by the bucketful. They had their meeting places at the Grand Pacific Hotel, the Palmer House, and the Sherman House. My wife kept all these clandestine engagements in the garb of a nun. The second time, I am convinced, planned to poison me, or get me out of the way in some manner, for he circulated a story that it would not be a great while before there would be a funeral at 'Papa Mac's.' He always called me 'Papa Mac,' and my wife, 'Mamma Mac.' He told me I had heart disease, and was liable to die at any moment. He lied when he told me these stories, and I am positive he tried to get my wife to murder me. She either would not, or did not have the nerve to make the attempt. As soon as my servants told me about my wife's relations with the priest I went to the Archbishop and laid the case before him, and I now enjoy some satisfaction in knowing that the fellow has been unfrocked."

Mrs. McDonald, when she left home, had about \$250 in money and between \$4,000 and \$5,000 worth of jewelry.



"YOUR HEART IS OUT OF ORDER!"

elry. She has probably turned all this stuff over to her paramour. In 1875 Mrs. McDonald ran away with Billy Arlington, the minstrel, and it is said, married him in Cincinnati, although she was then the wife of Mr. McDonald. She was at the time an invalid, and it was thought she was near the grave. When she returned to Chicago she said nothing about her escapade, but complained about her lungs. Mr. McDonald sent her to Denver for the mountain air. The next thing he knew she was in California with Arlington. McDonald lost no time in going to that State and reclaiming his wife, whom he brought back to Chicago.

A few years ago Mrs. McDonald, who, though beautiful, has a strong will and a terrible temper, shot at Police Officers Gus Swanson, Labonda and Hoffman, the latter being engaged now in the brewery business. Mayor Heath was endeavoring to break up gambling, and sent a detail of policemen to raid McDonald's place, at No. 178 Clark street. At that time McDonald and his family lived on the upper floor, and the officers could find no way of getting into the room except through the kitchen. They went into the apartment to pass down another flight of stairs into the gambling room. Mrs. McDonald barred the way, and when the officers pressed forward she fired two shots at them. Neither took effect, however, and the trouble was smothered. A few months ago she became jealous of her husband, and beat a young lady, whose only offense was going to the theatre with Mr. McDonald and his sister-in-law. On this occasion Mrs. McDonald used a revolver, but did not shoot.

Mrs. McDonald's maiden name was Noonan—"Pussy" Noonan, she was called. Her brother, Mike Noonan, a daring gamester and sport, dealt faro in one of Mike McDonald's gambling houses years ago, and through Noonan Mike became acquainted with his future wife. She was a widow with two children when McDonald married, and is now a grandmother. Charles Raymond, the stepfather of Moyssant, lives in Aurora, Ill., thirty miles from this city. He is employed as a boiler-

maker in the Burlington Railway shops. He received the first news of his stepson's disgraceful conduct with painful surprise, even discrediting the report at first. He said that Moyssant was ordained four years ago, graduating from St. Veatur's College, Kankakee, Ill. He officiated in two parishes as assistant pastor, at St. John's Church and the French Church of Notre Dame, where Mrs. McDonald first met him, while attending the confessional. He was removed for cause to Dixon, Ill., and there his sins found him out. He was forced to take a sudden departure from that city, and having left his charge without permission of the Bishop, lost his standing in the Church. He has a brother in Topeka and a sister in Jackson, Tenn.



SHE WENT THROUGH HUSBY.

TICKET 42,758.

A Pick-Up of \$15,000 by Three Well-Known
Cheyenne People.

The drawing of \$15,000 from the Louisiana State Lottery by three well-known Cheyenne people has created a decided sensation. The children of fortune are all employed at H. H. Ellis' bakery and confectionery establishment. They are Louis Salada and wife, young Germans, and Edward P. Gaylor, an old-timer, who is a prominent Odd Fellow.

The lucky trio had been patrons of the lottery for several months and the realization of small sums from time to time had given them confidence in the Louisiana State Lottery. They tell a reporter for *The Leader* that they felt unusually confident after they had formed a pool and secured one twentieth of ticket No. 42,758 for the July 16 drawing.

Forty-eight hours after the drawing Salada and his wife and Mr. Gaylor were overjoyed to learn from a list that ticket No. 42,758 had drawn the capital prize of \$300,000, and that they were entitled to one-twentieth of that sum, or \$15,000.

Advices from New Orleans confirmed the list and the money was collected through the First National Bank of this city, being paid over to the winners August 1. A number of friends who had been skeptical, or who feared that a mistake had been made, called with Mr. and Mrs. Salada and Mr. Gaylor at the bank and witnessed the payment of the \$15,000 in cash.

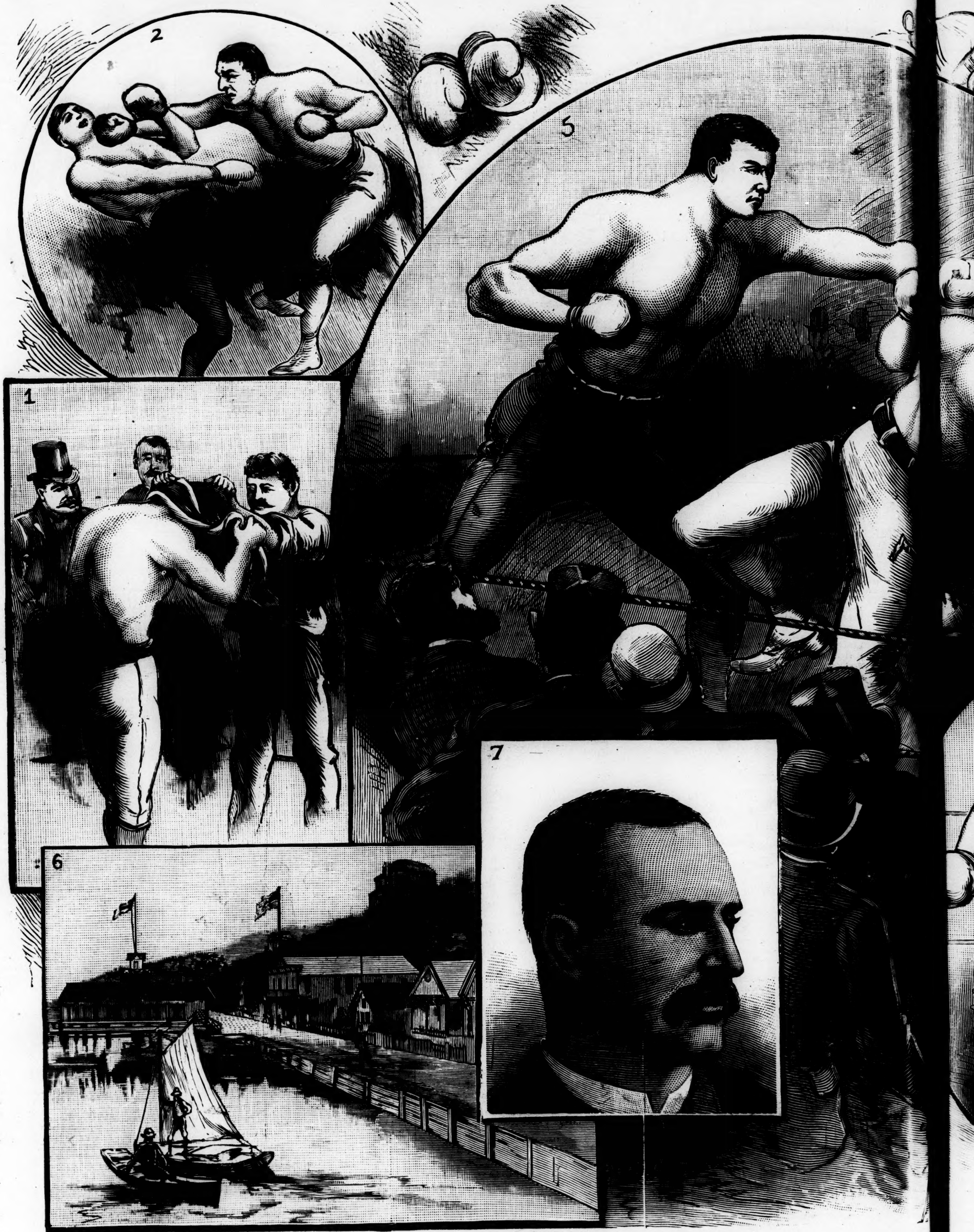
Since the receipt of the money Mr. Gaylor has been in Denver, and it is rumored that he has intentions matrimonial.

Salada and wife are visiting relatives in Missouri. The lady, who has been an invalid for several years, is to retire to an eastern hospital for several months and will be treated by eminent specialists.—*Cheyenne (Wy.) Leader*, August 8.

GIDDY GIRLEY CAMPERS.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

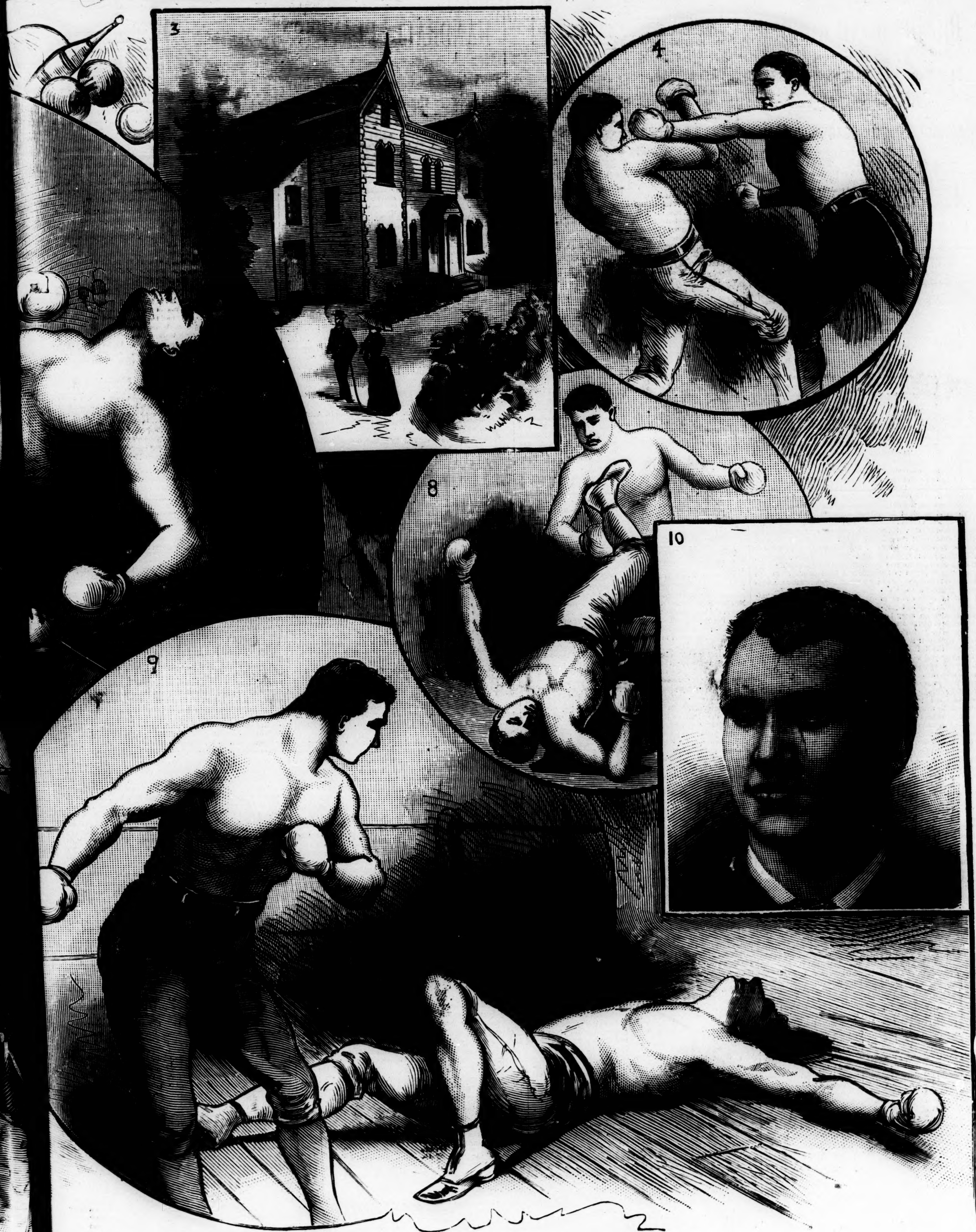
Last week two young and pretty Pennsylvania girls rented "Twombly's Camp," a little log cabin way up on Cupanptic Lake, Me., where they intend to camp out for two months. They catch and eat their own fish, chop their own wood and row their own boat all around the lake. The life seems to agree with them, and they are as happy as clams at high tide.



THE TWO BIG GLOVES

DENNY KELLEHER KNOCKS OUT JOE ELLINGSWORTH ON AUGUST 21.—A

I.—Dempsey Stripping For the Fray. II.—Dempsey Gets in a Good One. III.—Neptune Villa, Alameda, Dempsey's Training Quarters. IV.—Denny Kelleher's Training Quarters. V.—George Le Blanche. VI.—Joe Ellingsworth. VII.—George Le Blanche. VIII.—Joe Ellingsworth.



TESTS IN CALIFORNIA.

DEMPSEY KNOCKED OUT BY GEORGE LE BLANCHE ON AUGUST 28, 1889.

Quarters. IV.—Le Blanche Administers a Corker. V.—Dempsey Knocked Out. VI.—Dexter's Cottage, Saucelito, Ed Down. IX.—Kelleher Knocks Ellingsworth Out. X.—Jack Dempsey.

BIG DIAMOND ROBBERS.

The Men who Make a Living by Stealing Bases.

A NIGGER IN THE LEAGUE WOODPILE.

Fred Davis' smiling countenance is no longer one of the beacon lights at the Polo Ground, as it has been replaced by a care-worn, woebegone phiz that would answer better for one of those things that they use for frightening crows out of a cornfield. To gaze upon this dejected looking youth at present no one would imagine that it was all that was left of the once handsome, dashing Fred Davis. President Day has been very much alarmed for fear his right bower was going into decline, but he need have no fears in that direction, as Fred's trouble comes from another source. The fact is that Freddy has been grossly deceived by a beautiful young lady, in whom he placed the most implicit confidence. The mice were very destructive at No. 121 Maiden Lane, so Fred made up his mind to get a good office cat and get rid of the pesky things as rapidly as possible. He got several old cats, but he could not persuade any of them



to make Mr. Day's establishment their permanent home. Finally he struck a brilliant idea. There were a batch of kittens at the residence of his lady friend, and his scheme was to go up there and get a nice "Tom" and let it grow up in their large warehouse so that it would know no other home. Accordingly he made his selection on the recommendation of his lady friend, who gave him a beautiful gray cat named Razzle Dazzle.

Fred took it to the store in a basket and watched its growth each day with great admiration. Of course it was the smartest cat that ever lived, and knew all the tricks that were worth knowing. The ladies used to be entertained by the hour listening to the tremendous fights "Razzle" used to have with the other tom cats in the neighborhood. They used to be convulsed with laughter, and Fred imagined his stories were funny and he would always pile on the agony the next time he would call. It is next to impossible to form any calculation of Fred's feelings when he went into the office the other morning and found that his tom cat, "Razzle Dazzle," the great fighter, had five kittens.

The good people of Brooklyn, the city of churches, are doing their utmost to break up the Sunday baseball playing on the outskirts of the city. Fortunately, however, for the ball players there is not one of the grounds within the jurisdiction of the city of Brooklyn, which is in Kings county, while the ball grounds are all in Queens county. The evangelists, however, are not the kind to give up easily, so they are putting forth their utmost efforts to influence the good people of Queens county to brace up and go for the baseball men in a red-hot style and not leave a stone unturned in their efforts to break up Sunday ball playing. A salvation army has been planted on the outside of Ridgewood Park and every Sunday it is a race between the ball players and the prayers and singers as to which can attract the most attention, with the ball players coming out ahead by about a thousand to one. The people are stuck on the national game, and they cannot see good ball playing every Sunday, while they can get all the singing and praying they want the whole year round.

For awhile Tom Brown enjoyed the reputation of being one of the greatest base runners and one of the most valuable players in the League. It did not last long, however, for just about the time Tom began to card himself that he was a ball player and a valuable man he got laid off so quick that he did not know what struck him. It seems cruel to nip a man in the bud in this manner, as his head was just beginning to swell and his chest was coming up like a pouffer pigeon.

If the Baltimore club really did pay \$1,500 for Ray, they were badly roasted, as it is just \$1,499 more than they should have paid.

Good stick work is a very essential thing in a game of baseball, and, as a rule, it beats the life out of brilliant fielding and clever base running.

Gaffney says that the Cincinnati only lack a bit more batting strength to be in the fight for the rag. Probably he is not aware that the majority of the other clubs are in the same boat.

Oh! my, what a wonderful pitcher young Nibsey would be if he only had a few different curves, several rattlesnake twists, great speed and thorough command of the ball.

Shrove's nut is nothing like as hard as it was supposed to be.

The Detroit management thought he was a regular stone wall, so they put him up to the home plate to stop pitched balls with his head. The ball proved the hardest, and Shrove is now laid up for repairs.

The Milwaukee club officials are great financiers. They were in need of a couple of hundred, so they just assessed four of their players \$50 each, and made up the amount in less time than it would take to break a twig.

It can't be that Tommy Foster is right all the time. He must just be a little bit lippy on the quiet. At the time that Tom Burns slugged him during the progress of the game at Jersey City, he jumped on Burns and called him all the losers and rowdies he could think of, but here is Tommy Foster in trouble again. This time Jones, of the Worcester, slugs him on the ball field while the Hartford are playing in Worcester. Now, as a rule, if a player has any grievance he will wait until the game is over and then get in his fine work, but when it has to be done in such a hurry that they can't wait until they get off the field, there must be a nigger in the wood pile, and the man who commits the assault must have been most grievously provoked.

When a little country club like the Norristowns get into the soup for \$1,200. It is no wonder the stockholders kick at being assessed \$4 a share. There must be something rotten in Denmark. The club either wants a new manager or should disband without further delay.

The Pittsburgh management have made the startling discovery of the nigger in the wood pile which prevented their team from winning the League championship. They put detectives on the track and six of their leading players were caught hilariously drunk. The trouble is that these boys have all been brought up on the bottle, and it is a hard matter for them to wear themselves.

The Cincinnati scribes have already commenced blowing their horns, and every time a trumpet is heard from that direction the air is filled with the sweet music of the great anxiety of the League to get Cincinnati into the fold.

Krocks did not linger long in Indianapolis. There was a slight hitch. Either the management did not suit him or he did not suit the management, but, at any rate, he got out.

The Quincy club management were monkeying around about the price too long and they lost their Gels, as Emil signed with the Syracuse club while Quincy was trying to save a few cents.

The Pittsburgh players have not altogether gotten over the poisonous effects of the Johnstown spring, and the bolts keep springing out on them like mushrooms after a spring rain.

There is one thing that just be said in favor of the Boston management. No matter how mean they are otherwise, they are not a bit slow about putting out money to strengthen their team, which, we are sorry to say, is a thing that cannot be said of some of the other League teams.

The Hartford management has certainly shown energy this season, as they have had 28 men on their pay roll thus far. Hiring promiscuous players and winning the championship are two entirely different things.

Jack Chapman has taken a tumble at last and is now hustling after material to replace the useless slumber in the Syracuse club. Pennant winners are not very plentiful.

The "dude" Esterbrook, who was once so extremely popular with the New York public, met with a serious accident by falling from his lofty perch in League circles away down through the American Association and minor leagues into a little dry goods line in the metropolis. It was a great big drop, but that is the way all the players have to go before they can be classed among the back numbers.

Joe Simmons, while umpiring a game of ball at Hamilton, had his eye on the ball so clean that he never took it off till the ball landed fair and square upon his orb, when he rolled over and went to sleep.

Minneapolis is not only found that Devil wasn't worth his salt, and that they had not only bought a pig in the poke but had gotten hold of a man whom they could not sell, give away or even release without having trouble with.

He claims the remainder of the season's salary off of them, and although they have let him go, he threatens to bring suit. He is evidently aware that his best pitching days are over, and he intends to hold out to Minneapolis like a drowning man to a straw.

O'Connor, of the Columbus Club, has gotten to be real funny since he has adopted the tactics of kidding the opposing batsmen.

The Sunday players are rapidly working themselves into prominence. Pittsburgh has one and Toledo another.

There are grave suspicions in the city of Brotherly Love that Ned Hamlin is a mascot. He wasn't much of a mascot while he was in the hat business in the city of New York. It must have been the getting rid of his burden that hoodwinked him as a mascot, for he always looked upon Ned as a picture of bad luck. We will try, however, in the future to gaze upon him posing as a mascot.

The medicine which Doctor Von der Ahe gave Chamberlain—laying him off without pay—had a most wonderful effect upon his sore arm. It got well with lightning-like rapidity, and he is now pitching the game of his life.

If some one don't purchase Healy pretty soon, it is feared that he will get rusty.

Tim Hurst may be from a fair to medium umpire, but as a man of the world he has a whole library to learn yet. There is nothing so pleasant as popularity, but the poorest way on earth to get it is to quarrel with all the reporters you come in contact with during your public career. They are the boys that can go a long way toward making you, and you want to keep your eyes peeled for fear they can go just as far toward breaking you.

Pettit was a very nice fellow before he was made captain of the Toronto team, but the elevation was so great that Mr. Pettit now feels the importance of his lofty position.

Dick Johnson did some good work for Boston last season, but that does not count. He is not keeping up the pace this season, and he is getting the dead cold shoulder.

The Pittsburgh really deserve credit for the efforts they have put forth to secure a phenomenal pitcher. About a dozen different men have been given a trial.

When a club goes to the wall the poor management always gets it in the neck. No one ever thinks of saying that the patrons have grown tired of the sport and the club simply starved to death, but they all jump on the mismanagement dodge and crush the poor losers clean out of existence.

Had the Pittsburgh played the ball in the early part of the season they are playing now, they would be circling around that championship pennant in great shape just about this time, as they are playing phenomenal ball at present.

Deacon White has a long head. He knows full well that there are but few men who last many years in baseball, and as he has already lasted twice as long as the average player, that his days are now but few upon the diamond field. Taking time by the forelock, the Deacon commenced paying considerable attention to his shotgun in his younger days, and it has not come amiss. He is now considered a crack wing shot. When he becomes of no further use in the baseball arena, therefore, he need not go into the decrepit ball

players' home, but can shoulder his gun and bang out a good living.

Jim Hart thinks young Dally is a quitter. This is an unkind remark to make about any ball player that has no heart, and possibly never had one.

Hofford may have been good enough for Jersey City, but he did not last long enough in Rochester to get acquainted with the people.

Those seven left-handers in the Houston club are just what made the fur fly. The Texas league pitchers had no time to brush the dust off their pants while they were facing the Houston club, who always let every club they played with know that they were there and had their bats with them.

Long John Reilly is something of a favorite with the Cincinnati club management, as they not only let his salary run on in full during his recent illness, but they paid his doctor's bills as well.

The New Ravens have but little use for worthless material, and if a player is not right up to the handle in his work it does not take them long to cut the traces and let him go.

"JUNE"

The most sensational book ever published, "Bella Starr, the Famous Bandit Queen of the West," and rival of Jesse James. Very handsomely illustrated; now ready. Price, 25 cents. RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York City.

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HANDBALL PLAYERS.

Ex-Alderman Casey, of Brooklyn, Answers the Denver Champions.

PETER JACKSON AND JOE LANNON.

It is reported that Frank Hart, the pedestrian, has sold out his saloon in San Francisco and is coming East.

W. O. Dohm, the amateur middle-distance runner, is at present training for the quarter and the half mile championships.

The recently organized Wm. Haas A. C. will give an athletic-variety entertainment at the Germania Assembly Rooms on Sept. 13.

Jack Monahan and Joe Kennedy will meet to a finish with skin gloves for a stake of \$500 a side on Sept. 26 within 100 miles of New York.

Billy Johnson, the collar-and-elbow wrestler, has issued a challenge to wrestle in that style with any man in the world for any part of \$2,500.

The California Jack Dempsey is at Spokane Falls, Wash. Ty. He writes he has \$1,000 backing to fight any 125-pound man that will come to his town.

The New York Jockey Club successfully inaugurated its meeting at the new track, Westchester, on Aug. 30. Over 50,000 persons were in attendance.

Prof. Dennis Butler and Blackhurst, both famous swimmers, are matched to swim ten miles on the Delaware, from Red Bank to Gloucester, N. J., on Sept. 2.

The Berkeley Athletic Club will hold its second annual cycling tournament Saturday, Sept. 7, commencing 3 P. M., at Berkeley Oval, Morris Dock, this city.

Ike Weir has written to the California Athletic Club promising to go to San Francisco to fight Frank Murphy if the club will send on a ticket to San Francisco.

Jack Smith is anxious to get on a match with any 110-pound man in the Seventh, Eleventh or Thirteenth wards. Man and backer at Watts and Greenwich streets.

California is a thriving place for athletic clubs. The California Cribb Club, a new organization at San Francisco, had 1,100 names on its rolls at the second meeting.

Jack Quinn, of Scotland, and a Brooklyn unknown, both light-weights, have signed to meet under London rules with bare knuckles for \$250 a side the middle of September.

Billy O'Brien, the pedestrian manager and backer of pugilists, was married recently to a charming young woman in Brooklyn, who is said to be possessed of some money of her own.

Ed McDonald has gone from Brooklyn to Waterbury, Conn. He wants to whip Farmer McClellan or Joe Wilson, both of whom claim the light-weight championship of the State.

The Metropolitan double-soull team, Pilkington and Nagle, will row in the New England regatta on Labor Day, and very likely Harry Zwinger, of the Nonpareils, will be in the senior singles.

Mike Breslin, of New York, will meet Charley McCarthy, of Philadelphia, in a finish fight, under London rules, with skin gloves, within four weeks, for a purse of \$300 and \$350 a side.

Jack Ashton and George Godfrey are to meet at the Parnell Athletic Club rooms, Boston, Sept. 19, to spar 20 rounds with gloves for \$2,500 purse—\$1,000 to the winner and \$500 to the loser.

Joe Lewis, of Centerville, and Tim Maloney, of Bergen Point have arranged for an eight-round set-to for \$100 a side. The men are aspiring middle-weights. They will meet within two weeks.

L. G. Flanagan, the chairman of the Golden Gate Athletic Club, is on a visit to this city. Mr. Flanagan called at the POLICE GAZETTE office and was pleased with the trophies and portraits of the pugilists.

Harry Maynard, a clever boxer of San Francisco, is arranging to spar with several 134-pound men for scientific points. He will probably be engaged to meet all comers at his weight at the New York Circus.

The South Side Gun Club of Newark on Sept. 3 will have a ten-event programme, rain or shine, at their grounds in New Jersey, Railroad avenue, near the Lehigh Valley coal depot. Prizes will be distributed.

Frank Stevenson, who is well known in sporting circles and who has refereed many of the big fights, is very much pleased with the Australian giant, and thinks that he is a better man than John L. Sullivan.

Maori holds the record for best time made in an actual contest, viz., 1:39 4-5. Ten Brock's record was made on a prepared track against time, with fresh horses at each quarter to carry him along at his top speed.

Faust, the wonderful three-year-old trotter of Evanson, Wyo., won the three-year-old stakes in the three-year-old race at Little, Mont., Aug. 22. Time, 2:15. This is the best three-year-old record ever made in a race.

W. B. Curtis has been selected for the important position of referee at the individual general athletic championship meeting on Sept. 7. This will make the fifth year of this event, and the fifth time for Mr. Curtis as referee.

Wm. O'Connor, the American champion sculler, is being trained by George W. Lee and Wallace Ross for his race September 9, on the Thames, against R. E. Searle, the Australian champion, for the championship of the world.

G. Thomas, the crack four and ten-mile champion runner of Sydney, N. S. W., will compete in the American and Canadian championships in the fall. Thomas has a marvelous record, and is said to be superior to Conneff at all distances.

Jack Ascher whipped Dave Williamson in five rounds on Aug. 23 over on Long Island. Williamson broke his thumb in the second round, and, as he had no chance to win, his seconds threw up the sponge at the end of the fifth round.

The sporting editor of the "Police Gazette" desires to return thanks to Edward Hanlan, Wm. R. Bingham, John F. Scholtes, ex-Alderman Piper and the Toronto Caledonian Club for courtesies extended him during his vacation in Canada; also to James Shannon.

At the meeting of the Professional Athletic Association in Denver, Aug. 18, some fine records were made. H. M. Johnson lowered his 100-yard running record of 9 4-5 seconds in 1886 to 9 4. He won the 50-yard race in 5 seconds, and James Collins won the 150-yard race in 13 seconds.

The three-year-old stallion Axtell trotted to beat his own record of 2:14 1/4, Aug. 22, at Washington Park, Chicago, and covered the mile in 3:14, beating all records for three and four-year-olds. This brings him within 1/4 of a second of the best stallion record, made by Maxey Cobb, now dead.

Harry Gent, the English professional sprinter, is out with a challenge to run any one 300 yards. Gent is credited with running on May 31, 1897, 122 yards in 11 3/5 seconds. Soon after that performance he sought retirement, and his coming up so suddenly again is quite a surprise.

John Splan, the well-known knight of the sulky, has accepted a position with the Bailey Barnum circus, and he will go to England with the show. While Splan will go in the main to show Englishmen how they train trotters in America, he will also handle ten runners in the quarter-mile ring under the big tent.

The ninth annual national swimming championships were held Aug. 21 under the auspices of the Manhattan A.

C. at the Atlanta Boat Club house, 152d street and Harlem river, at 5 P. M. The events were 100 yards and 1-mile races. Wm. Johnson, of the Varuna Boat Club, won the 100 yards swim in 1 minute 23 3/4 seconds. The mile was won by A. Moffert, of the Manhattan A. C., in 27 minutes 4 seconds.

The order of events and the standards in the individual championship competition, to be held on Sept. 7, at the Brooklyn A. A. grounds, are as follows: One hundred yards run, standard, 1 1/4 seconds; 50 pound weight, 18 feet; running high jump, 5 feet; 440 yards run, 60 seconds; putting, 16-pound shot, 33 feet; pole vault, 8 1/2 feet; 120 yards hurdle, 20 1/2 seconds; throwing 16-pound hammer, 75 feet; running broad jump, 18 feet, mile run, 5 minutes 30 seconds.

James Dennison, the most expert negro who ever handled a billiard cue, died at Charleston, S. C., last week, aged fifty-three. He was known in the South as "Fug." In the days of pocket tables and in the early days of carrom tables he could discount almost any man in the South. He would never go North to play, nor would he play at all except with white men. Before the war he won a diamond cue offered by a billiard table manufacturer for the famous double round pocket shot.

Sebastian Miller, the German Hercules, has issued a challenge through the POLICE GAZETTE to all American heavy-weight wrestlers, to a championship contest, either catch-as-catch-can or Greco-Roman with John Treblisparger, a noted man among athletes throughout Germany. This long named German sailed from Hamburg for this side August 22. He was born in Bavaria, is 28 years old, 6 feet 1 1/2 inches tall and weighs 235 pounds. The challenge prefers Wm. Muldoon and a match Greco-Roman style.

Frank Bosworth's offer to meet Jack McGee at the Troy Cribb Club is answered in the following: "I see in the columns of your last week's issue that Frank Bosworth would like to meet me in a contest, and, as I am going to New York about Sept. 10 on business, I should like to make it part of my business to meet Mr. Bosworth at the Troy Cribb Club, or any other respectable club in New York, in a fight to a finish for a reasonable purse, willing to take all. Yours truly, JOHN C. MCGEE, Middle-weight."

"Norwich, Conn."

Mike Dempsey of the Eighteenth Ward, New York, middle-weight pugilist, who has fought Charley Lang of Cleveland, Jack Dempsey and a number of other good ones, but who has not engaged in any matches of late, is once more desirous of trying his fortune within the squared circle. McCabe, of the Eighteenth Ward can get a match with Dempsey by posting a forfeit with the POLICE GAZETTE, and naming a time and place to arrange the match. This offer is open to any middle-weight should McCabe not take it up, and the first come first served. Dempsey is proprietor of the Surf House, Rockaway Beach.

The firemen's tournament at Delhi, N. Y., last week brought together twenty-five companies, running with steam or hand machines, and representing the fire departments of the principal towns in Delaware, Otsego and Chenango counties. The first prize in the time contest between hose companies was won by Alert Hose Company of Walton by making a run of 200 yards and a perfect coupling in 49 1/2 seconds. The second prize was awarded to Roberts Hose Company of Bainbridge. In the contest for perfection of drill the first prize was awarded to Ward Hose Company of Deposit, and the second to Nelson Hose Company of Cooperstown.

We clip the following from the Philadelphia Item of Aug. 18:

A WORK OF ART.

"We have just received a lithograph of Richard K. Fox, proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE, driving his great double team, Sir Mohawk and Nellie Sontag. The picture is excellent. The action of the horses is first class, and the likeness of the great sporting man is striking. It gives us much pleasure to give it a place in our office with our many other celebrities. We understand that copies of this work of art can be had at the POLICE GAZETTE office at \$2 per copy."

A Jersey City lad named Tom Coyle and a Hackensack young man of the name of Harry Linton fought thirteen rounds with bare knuckles on the meadows not far from Hackensack on Aug. 18, in broad daylight, in the presence of about a dozen friends of each. There was no money stake. The boys having agreed simply to fight out a grudge that had been standing between them for several months. But there was more punishment taken than is often seen in fights for big money. The combatants weighed about 118 pounds each, and were seconded by a couple of trusted friends. Bob Nichols, of Paterson, was referee, and Joe McAnley, of Jersey City, was timekeeper.

Ex-Alderman Philip Casey, of Brooklyn, the champion of the world at handball, is out for a match with the Western experts at the game, Messrs. J. J. Byrne and P. H. Kirby, of Omaha, Neb., who have, through the POLICE GAZETTE, announced their desire for a championship contest. In reply to their challenge, Champion Casey offers to play a series of games, best 5 in 9, for \$1,000 a side, half to be played in Brooklyn and half in Omaha. In this match Mr. Casey will have as partner Mr. Andrew Armstrong, of Brooklyn, a pugilist of his, who has never yet played in a professional game. If the Westerners prefer playing half way between home and home, McGurn's Club, 306 Division street, Chicago, will suit the Eastern champion, and in this event he will choose for his partner Mr. Wm. McGurn, of Chicago. Both matches to be for \$1,000 a side, open to any larger amount that Messrs. Byrne and Kirby care to put up. Each team must defray their own expenses. On receipt of articles from the West Mr. Casey will post his money with the POLICE GAZETTE and agree on a date for the game.

Jake Kilrain was before Judge Duffy, in Baltimore, August 22, on the writ of habeas corpus, and, despite the efforts of his counsel, Joseph Whyte, was remanded for the Mississippi authorities. The hearing took place in the Criminal Court, and a large crowd of sporting men attended. The pugilist was accompanied by John Roney, his bondsman, and Charles Carroll. State Attorney Kerr presented the official papers and asked that the writ be dismissed. Lawyer Whyte first asked the Court to accept bail here for Kilrain's appearance in Mississippi in January, as the present term of court there will terminate on Saturday, and there will be no time to go to trial there. This was refused, and Judge Duffy simply announced his decision: "Remanded for the proper authorities." Kilrain left the same night at 9 o'clock with Detective Chiles over the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. While the Kilrain case was being argued in Baltimore, Bud Renaud was on trial at Purvis, Miss., for being connected with the fight. He was found guilty of participating in the Sullivan-Kilrain prize fight and sentenced to pay \$500 fine. Renaud took an appeal to the Supreme Court and was released on \$500 bonds. He also furnished \$500 to appear as a witness in December before the Grand Jury.

Peter Jackson and Joe Lannon met in the ring at Oak Island, Boston, Aug. 17th, but there was no fighting. The police wouldn't have it. Parson Davies used all the eloquence which he could command, and Tom O'Rourke, representing the Bay State Athletic Club, backed him in the assertion that the contest was for scientific points only, but the Chief of Police was obstinate. Only favorable comments were heard in regard to Jackson's appearance. Monday evening, Aug. 19, Jackson and Jack Fallon, the Brooklyn Strong Boy, boxed four rounds at the arena, Thirtieth street and Fourth avenue, New York. Inspector Williams, with a strong detachment of police, was on hand, and before the men went into the ring the Inspector notified them that they must not slug. Jackson stood a head and shoulders, apparently, over Fallon, and weighed probably 30 pounds more than he did. He also greatly exceeded him in length of reach. Fallon is a good, strong young fellow, but not very scientific. The first three rounds were very tame, though Jackson showed unlooked for ability in ducking, and several times sent his left in very straight. In the wind-up he was all over Fallon, who fought back gamely but unavailingly. Nearly all the athletic talent of the three cities was on hand, and Jackson's performance impressed its members very favorably. Jack McAuliffe thought him very quick and clever for so big a man. Davies, Jackson, W. H. Naughton, Sam Fitzpatrick and Jack Fallon sailed for England on the 21st in the City of Rome, and when they get on the other side Jackson will be prepared to box any man in England for eight rounds.

No one interested in fighting dogs should be without a copy of "The Dog File." Price 25 cents. Fully illustrated. RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York City.

JACKSON IN EUROPE.

The Effect his Visit will Have on Pugilism Generally.

THE N. Y. JOCKEY CLUB'S MEET.

I think there will be a great boom in pugilism in England on the arrival of Peter Jackson, providing Charles E. Davies, of Chicago, who is the black champion's manager, is willing to allow Jackson to contend against the heavy-weight division.

After the Australian puts up his hands and faces one of the many pugilists who are eager to contend against him, the judges of pugilism in the Land of the Rose will quickly size him up and place him in either the first or second class, and those who find the sinews of war will at once be ready to match both Jim Smith and Charley Mitchell against the idol of the Pacific Slope in a pugilistic way.

In my opinion Jackson might possibly hold his own in a limited number of rounds according to the amateur rules, known as Queensberry, with Jim Smith, who, like Tom Sayers, was not a boxer, but a pugilist; but if Jackson and Smith ratified a match to contend according to "Police Gazette" rules, which are practically the same as Queensberry, except that the referee has full power to order the battle finished, then Smith would be the rock upon which the ship Jackson would founder.

Alf Greenfield, who, by the way, is now like dough that has been baked for a long time, intends to make an effort to face Jackson, and there is not the least doubt but that the black champion's manager will ratify a match, for there is every prospect of a big gate at Birmingham in the meeting between Greenfield and Jackson, no matter which proves the victor.

Frank P. Slavin, who easily conquered Jack Burke in Australia, and who won the heavy-weight championship of Australia by defeating Harry Laine, the champion of New Zealand, for \$2,000 and the championship, will be eager to meet Jackson on his arrival, and should the latter try to shirk a meeting, like he did when Slavin challenged him and thrashed him off-hand in Australia, Jackson will cease to be a drawing card.

Slavin, by the way, is now at the top of the pugilistic pliancy. He has journeyed from Australia to England, put up his money, and challenged all comers to meet him, but the champions appear to be as much afraid of the Australian as they would be of a rattlesnake.

In my opinion, Jim Smith ratified a match with Jack Wannon to avoid meeting Slavin and Jackson. Smith will conquer Wannon, "if it is on the bill" for him to do so, and there has been no deal or collusion between Wannon and Smith, like there was in the great international wrestling match between Jack Carkeek and Wannon, and Smith, on his victory, can, for a time, hold off from any other engagement until he sees Slavin and Jackson display their abilities in a scientific, pugilistic way.

Smith at present is the leader of the first class of pugilists now in England, but many no doubt, will dispute this fact, but there will be no way of proving it until Jackson, Slavin, Smith and Mitchell settle the question of superiority, by contests in the arena.

Sporting men in Boston are trying to bring about another match between Cal McCarthy and Johnny Murphy, who some time ago fought for a purse of \$1,000 and which encounter ended by Murphy breaking his arm.

Should Murphy and McCarthy fight again, I don't believe there will be one-half the money wagered on McCarthy's chances of winning that there was the last time they fought, and I am certain only for the accident that occurred to Murphy that he would have won in a gallop. Murphy is now confident he can defeat the great little New Jersey feather-weight, and possibly if a match is arranged he may hold McCarthy too cheap, and lose without an accident being the cause. Over-confidence has lost many victories, both on the turf and on the water and in the ring.

Sullivan's over-confidence was the cause of his failure to defeat Charley Mitchell in France on March 10, 1888.

Jim Smith failed to defeat Jake Kilrain when they fought for the "Police Gazette" champion belt on Dec. 19, 1887, in France.

Kilrain's vanity and his underrating John L. Sullivan, etc., was the cause of his failure to conquer Sullivan at Richburg, Miss., July 8, 1889. This is my personal opinion, and I believe that many will agree with me.

Joe McAuliffe's (the "Prisco Giant") self-conceit, or, to use the vernacular, his "big head," was the reason why Peter Jackson defeated him easily.

Wm. Scharff, of Pittsburgh, the champion oarsman, lost a race and was beaten while he was champion to James Ten Eyck owing to conceit and failure to train, because he underrated his opponent's abilities, and I could write about one hundred events in which champions lost, or almost did so, by their suffering from "Charley horse."

No one will ever convince me but that Edward Hanlan, the aquatic wonder in the seventies and eighties, lost his crown and was hurled from his aquatic throne only by his presuming that with his great speed and wonderful science at rowing he could outrow all comers without special training.

Dan O'Leary lost a fortune and his wonderful reputation he made in the same way.

In my opinion, and I write from practical experience, there is no athlete, oarsman, pedestrian, wrestler or pugilist who can contend in any branch of sport, and especially for the championship, at any game unless he prepares himself properly for the great ordeal he has to undergo; and then, when he has been successful, he is bound to meet with a reverse and lose the emblem he has won if he permits himself to become afflicted with "big head."

In Toronto there is great interest manifested over the international single-scull race between Henry Searle, the champion of Australia, and Wm. O'Connor, of Toronto, the holder of the "Police Gazette" champion cup and the single-scull championship of America, who are to row over the Thames championship course on Sept. 8.

Large sums of money have been forwarded to London to invest on O'Connor's chances of victory, and many Torontonians are going over to see the race.

I had the pleasure of meeting Mayor E. F. Clarke of Toronto recently, and journeyed with him from this city to Toronto. He had just returned from a tour through France, Germany, and England. During his sojourn in England he made a special call on Champion O'Connor, and it was the Mayor of Toronto who raised the subscription and donated a large sum toward presenting the champion of America with a token of esteem in the shape of a banquet.

By the way, Mayor Clarke is a great admirer of athletic sports, and he appeared greatly interested in my history of the POLICE GAZETTE and the way it had promoted sport in all branches, not only in running, walking, wrestling, club swinging, swimming, etc., but pugilism. When I informed him that O'Connor held the "Police Gazette" champion challenge cup he appeared greatly pleased. Mayor Clarke is said to be

the most liberal, enterprising and sport-loving Mayor that Toronto ever had, and for the people's Mayor.

Edward Hanlan has again returned to Toronto, his native city, and he has not yet given up rowing, as many suppose. He is, I understand, willing to row any man in the world but O'Connor, the champion, one mile for from \$1,000 to \$2,500, the race to be rowed on any neutral water.

Hanlan has been troubled for the past two years with catarrh of the stomach, and has just recovered, and he attaches his defeats in Australia to that fact. He is going to pay special attention to his property, which brings him a revenue ample enough to support him, and then he will probably row double with O'Connor. They will challenge any two men in the world to row a double-scull race for any amount.

Mr. Alderman Piper, of Toronto, well known in sporting circles, has purchased Grenadier Pond and has named it Howard Lake. It is a great summer resort, and it is Piper's intention to hold several boat races on the lake and have Ryan, Rice and other well-known amateurs row; also Hanlan and other professionals. Howard Lake is about two miles west of Toronto, and it is one of the leading resorts since Piper has become the proprietor.

Judging from what Jack McAuliffe, the light-weight champion, says, there is a prospect of a match being arranged between McAuliffe and Myers for a large stake, the "Police Gazette" champion belt and the light-weight championship. McAuliffe has been following the fortunes of the turf and speculating with great success on the favorites, especially Badge and Bradford, horses of first-class breeding, speed and quality, owned by his backer, Dick Roche. He has found turf speculating easier than pugilism and more profitable when he has a run of luck, and that is why he has not paid any attention to Myers' many overtures to meet him in the ring.

McAuliffe, I understand, now stands ready to defend his claim to the title of champion, and will meet Myers in the California Athletic Club at any reasonable time the California Athletic Club may agree upon, providing that well-known and popular organization will offer a suitable purse for them to battle for; that is if Myers will contend under these conditions.

Since McAuliffe and Myers fought a draw at North Judson there have been many arguments and discussions in regard to the merits of these rival light-weight champions. Many believe Myers can defeat McAuliffe, while others believe that McAuliffe can conquer any man in the world at his weight, and if a match is ratified it will decide the mooted question and settle all arguments in regard to who is the champion light-weight. Myers, since the draw, has made every effort to arrange a match with McAuliffe, and his money has been posted to show he was in earnest, and there is not the least doubt that if the rivals meet thousands of dollars will be wagered on the result of the meeting.

One of the athletic battles which is creating no little interest on the Pacific Slope is the match in which Young Mitchell, the California pet, who has never yet been defeated, and Johnny Reagan, the welter-weight champion, are to fight for \$2,500 next month in San Francisco. Reagan has left New York for the Golden Gate with the good wishes of a legion of admirers. Reagan on his arrival on the Pacific Slope will go into strict training and do all in his power in order to be able to give the California Nonpareil a great battle. Reagan made a great battle with Jack Dempsey when the odds were against him, and, whether he wins or loses, there is not the least doubt but that he will give Mitchell the hardest battle he ever had.

The New York Jockey Club, a stupendous turf organization, commenced their inaugural meeting at their new track at Westchester on Aug. 30. The racing was par excellence, the attendance very large, and there is every indication that the New York Jockey Club will be one of the most successful and influential in the world.

I learn that Jack Carkeek, the famous wrestler, who went over to England to wrestle all comers, returned to this country without making any money. Few athletes or pugilists make money in England, for the boxers, wrestlers, etc., who visit this country return to England with their pockets well lined.

"REFEREE"

PUGILISTIC NOTES.

Jimmy Kelly and Jerry Murphy, the popular boxers, have this season taken the place of Billy Myers and brother in "After Dark."

Billy Madden is making arrangements to take a big athletic show on the road. His principal stars will be Jack McAuliffe and Jack Ashton.

Dan Mahoney, 112-pound pugilist, of San Francisco, is sparring for a fight. He writes that he will take on any one of his weight in one of the California clubs.

Pat Killen and Joe McAuliffe will meet in a finish contest at the California Athletic Club on Sept. 22. Another treat for the club the same month will be the meeting between the feather-weights Frank Murphy and Tommy Warren.

Jimmy Mitchell, the light-weight pugilist, who two years ago experienced great difficulty in training down to 135 pounds, now weighs only about 135 pounds out of condition. In 1887 he would tip the scales at 145 pounds after a two weeks' rest.

Jack Smith, feather-weight champion of Canada, and Frank Cox, the Australian, fought for a purse of \$300 up in Erie county, N. Y., Aug. 21. But five rounds were fought, in the last of which Cox's backers threw up the sponge, the Australian having sprained his hand and become thoroughly dazed by a swing on the jaw.

Jerry Slatery, a heavy-weight from the Pacific Coast, and Pat Allen, a recent arrival from London, fought a desperate go-as-you-please rounds near St. Louis, Mo., on Aug. 17. Three hundred sporting men paid \$2 each to witness the mill, and they were a disgusted lot when they got back at daylight. The men fought for a \$200 purse.

Eddie Daly and Paddy Wilson, two waiters, fought in Flatbush Cemetery for \$200 on the morning of Aug. 21. Daly is 18 years old, 105 pounds, and 5 feet 6 inches. Wilson is 18 years 5 months, and weighed 107 pounds. The first was seconded by Johnny Powers and Ike Dolan, and the second by Joe Meyers and Eddie Martin. Johnny O'Regan was referee and Pete Seymour timekeeper. Wilson won in twelve rounds.

John Shay, a provincial fighter, challenges Charley Mitchell, the Britisher, to fight him for any part of \$15,000. Shay says he has fought a number of battles in the Canadian provinces, and is confident he can whip Mitchell. He is twenty-eight years old, is 5 feet 8 inches tall, and weighs 185 pounds. He is a man of remarkable physical development, but no one seems to know much about him. He came from the provinces, and will go to England on a bark, of which he is one of the crew.

Billy Whyard, the Fulton Market champion boxer, on Aug. 19 whipped Frank Williams, the Canadian middle-weight, in eight rounds, after he had let Williams tire himself out in the first six. Williams was so badly bruised that he had to be taken away in a carriage. Whyard was little hurt. The seconds were Prof. Haley of Buffalo for Whyard and James White of Philadelphia for Williams. The Fulton Market men who accompanied Whyard won a barrel of money from the Canadian's supporters, who were principally Philadelphians.

Frank Glover, the Chicago heavy-weight, and Jim Bates of Butte, Montana, fought four rounds at Lake Park, near Salt Lake City, Aug. 20, for a \$1,500 purse. Glover weighed 180 pounds and Bates 150. Bates won first knockdown and first blood in the first round, but Glover forced the fighting after that and finally knocked Bates senseless. As the party were returning to Salt Lake Gov. Thomas with several officers rode up to them in a special train and took the names of all who did not jump from the cars and take to the wood. The following day both principals were arrested.

BOXING AND HOW TO TRAIN. Fully illustrated. Now ready. Price, 25 cts. RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.

INFORMATION GRATIS.

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Owing to the numerous orders that we are daily receiving for all kinds of Sporting Goods, Portraits, Books, etc., of every description, we have, for the convenience of the readers of the POLICE GAZETTE, opened a

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J. J. R. Waynesboro, Ga.—Yes.
D. J. K. Baltimore, Md.—Low wins.
D. McC., Freeport, Ind.—Ties must cut again.
J. S. Brooklyn, N. Y.—The deal rotates to the left.
J. M., New Orleans, La.—There is no such book published.
E. J. D., New York City.—We publish the book you refer to.
J. L. Provencal, La.—The player who gives highest has the say.

J. H., Fall River, Mass.—Counts five when turned up by the dealer.
S. W., Haledon, N. J.—See answer to E. H. M., Tacoma, Wash. Ty.

A. D. H., Jefferson, Iowa.—All bets go with the stakes in case of a draw.
G. O. S., Altoona, Pa.—About 225 tons in twenty-four hours is the average.

C. E. B., Stratton, Neb.—1. Nine and one-quarter seconds. 2. 48½ seconds.
J. C., Seattle, Wash. Ty.—There is no pamphlet published such as you ask for.

E. F. H., Harlem.—Tom Sayers was born May 15, 1826, at Pimlico, London, Eng.

A SUBSCRIBER.—1. We have not the weights of the team you mention. 2. Chicago.

W. A. B., Austin, Tex.—Consult a local lawyer. Laws are different in different States.

B. K. W., Melburn, Ohio.—In playing seven up the cards rank ace highest and deuce lowest.

J. D. K., Portsmouth, Va.—Your letter has been referred to a dealer in old coins and stamps.

W. McC., Boston.—Paddy Duffy and Tom Meadows fought 45 rounds, March 23. Duffy won.

E. L., Enterprise, O.—Three minutes to the round and one minute's rest between rounds.

E. E. M., Menominee, Mich.—No such house known. Send full name and address for our catalogue.

M. O. V., Galveston, Tex.—H. Berman is a fraud. The next time he comes around try a big club on him.

FIREMAN, New York City.—Only one American race horse ever won the English Derby. His name was Iroquois.

E. H. M., Tacoma, Wash. Ty.—Duncan C. Ross was born of Scotch parents, in Seattle, Turkey, March 16, 1855.

C. H. W., Milwaukee, Wis.—Look over a newspaper directory. You can find same in any paper office in your city.

TEN READERS, Havre De Grace, Md.—Jake Kilrain did box in New York for the benefit of the Johnstown sufferers.

C. C. H., Clayburg, Pa.—1. Joe Acton, now in San Francisco. 2. We do not know the present address of the party.

J. S. Z., Mexico City.—If the animal holds out you may find some museum manager ready to exhibit horse and rider.

M. T. J., Omaha.—There is no branch of sporting goods that the POLICE GAZETTE cannot furnish you with. Send for circular.

P. W., Coleman, Wis.—He refused to make a match under London rules, but has offered to meet Smith with gloves in California.

W. K., New York.—Peter Jackson and Joe McAuliffe met at the California Athletic Club, Dec. 27, 1888. Jackson won in 24 rounds.

S. O. S., Bangor, Me.—John C. Heenan and John Morrissey fought at Long Point, Canada, Oct. 20, 1858. Morrissey won in 51 minutes.

C. S., Omaha, Neb.—Dempsey and Lo Blanche fought on March 14, 1886. Dempsey won in thirteen rounds. The stakes were \$3,500.

J. K., Boston, Mass.—Dempsey defeated Jack Fogarty in 27 rounds on Feb. 2, 1886, and George Le Blanche on March 14, 1886, in 13 rounds.

M. J., Arkansas City, Kan.—Jake Kilrain and Joe Lannon fought at the Cribb Club, Boston. Lannon was knocked out in the 13th round.

G. B., Omaha.—The "Police Gazette" boxing gloves are the best now in use. They are used by all amateur clubs and by the leading professionals.

OLD SPORT, Westville, R. I.—Mr. James Kennedy will manage a six-day race in New York in the coming fall. He can be addressed care of this office.

H. M., East Newark, N. J.—Joe Coburn and Mike McCoolle fought at Charleston, Md., May 5, 1883. The battle lasted 1 hour 10 minutes, and Coburn won.

J. C., Westchester, N. Y.—Small gloves were used. The fact that the contest occurred in Madison Square Garden should settle this point without further reference.

D. P. B., Chicago, Ill.—James Ambrose, commonly known as Yankee Sullivan, was born April 15, 1813, at Bandon, Ireland. He died May 31, 1886, at San Francisco, Cal.

T. G., Lone Pine, Nev.—Alf Greenfield and Jim Smith battled in France in February, 1888. The mob broke into the ring and forced the referee to call the contest a draw.

G. W., Buffalo.—Billy Myers and Charley Daly fought 32 rounds. Myers won. Daly is one of the Daly Bros., who keep a sporting house of prominence in St. Louis.

H. G. S., Boston.—The "Police Gazette" sporting goods emporium is acknowledged to be the largest in this country, and everything in the sporting line can be furnished.

C. M., Philadelphia, Pa.—A good instructor will advance you in science, but he cannot make a fighter of one. Take someone on is the surest and soonest way of finding out how much you can fight.

R. D., Chicago, Ill.—The number of square miles in the United States are 3,602,967, which includes Alaska; Dominion of Canada, 3,470,893 square miles. Newfoundland is not in the Dominion.

C. R., Elizabeth, N. J.—Tug Wilson boxed 4 rounds with John L. Sullivan on July 17, 1872, at Madison Square Garden. Wilson was shortly after matched with Jimmy Elliott. He jumped this match and Elliott received forfeit.

J. C., Brooklyn.—Bill Poole was a Washington Market (New York) butcher. He whipped Morrissey in a rough-and-tumble fight on Amos street dock. The row that ended in Poole's death took place at Stanwix Hall, March 15, 1855.

W. K., Portland, Oregon.—Yes, his battle with Tom King Nov. 28, 1882. Mace had a decided lead over King until the eighteenth round, when King rallied, and in two more rounds defeated Mace. The fight lasted 35 minutes.

J. M., St. Louis, Mo.—John Morrissey was born Feb. 6, 1831, in Ireland. His fight with John C. Heenan occurred Oct. 20, 1855, at Long Point, Canada. The stakes were \$2,500 a side. Heenan's second threw up the sponge after 21 minutes.

D. H., Wakefield, R. I.—J. L. Sullivan and Alf Greenfield came together Nov. 18, 1884, at Madison Square Garden. In a four-round contest. The police put an end to the affair in the second round by arresting both principals. The two boxed four rounds on Jan. 12, 1885, at Boston.

J. S., Portland, Oregon.—Mitchell and Sullivan have met in the ring twice only—the first time at Madison Square Garden, in a four-round contest, on May 4, 1883, and again on March 10, 1888, near Chantilly, France, when they fought a draw in 39 rounds, occupying 8 hours and 11 minutes. They never came together in a match at Chicago.

E. J., New York.—Tommy Warren and Johnny Griffin were to have met at the California Club, June 28. The contest was postponed, owing to Warren having injured himself while training. On the second date for the match, Billy Murphy, the Australian, filled in for Warren's place, and defeated Griffin. He is not the Griffin you refer to; the latter comes from St. Paul.

THE REAGAN BENEFIT.

The Boys give Johnny a Send-Off Prior to His Departure for California.

Johnny Reagan, the welter-weight champion pugilist, who is matched to fight Young Mitchell, the "California Wonder," according to "Police Gazette" rules, for a purse of \$2,500, was tendered a benefit at Palace Rink, Brooklyn, E. D., on August 28. The building, which has been the scene of many fatal encounters, was packed to repletion, and nearly all the leading sporting men of Jersey City, New York and Brooklyn were present.



JOHNNY REAGAN.

Reagan is one of the most popular boxers in America. He is quiet, gentlemanly and unassuming when out of the ring but when stripped and ready for battle he is as brave as a lion and as desperate as a wildcat, and the large attendance at his benefit proved his popularity.

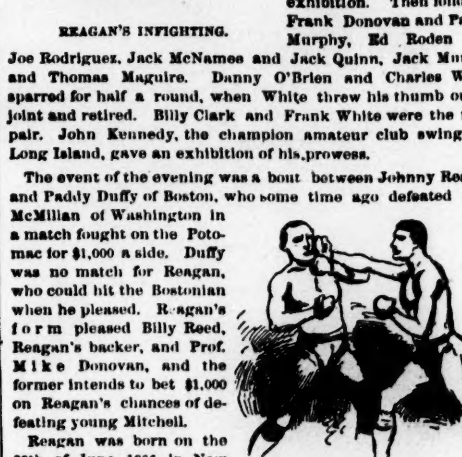
Reagan was not in need of a benefit, but the fact that he is going to leave New York to cross the continent to meet one of the champions of the Pacific Coast made his friends determined to add to his bank account in the shape of a testimonial, and all Reagan had to do was to secure the talent. There were plenty of wrestlers and boxers on hand, and the show opened by Bob Smith, the veteran pugilist, second and trainer, who acted in the latter capacity when Reagan fought his great battle with Jack Dempsey, for \$2,000 the "Police Gazette" champion belt and light-weight championship of America, introducing Prof. Mike Donovan to the audience.

The fun then began by a bout between "Spider" Millen and Tom Randall, who displayed tapping tactics. Jack Hopper, a well-known pugilist, and Frank Connelly made it lively for each other for three rounds. They were followed by Joe Fowler and Tommy Banks, who were loudly applauded; Singer and Birmingham, Hornbacker's pupils. Patsy Ball and John Kerrigan gave a very laughable exhibition. Then followed Frank Donovan and Paddy Murphy, Ed Roden and Joe Rodriguez, Jack McNamee and Jack Quinn, Jack Murphy and Thomas Maguire. Danny O'Brien and Charles White sparred for half a round, when White threw his thumb out of joint and retired. Billy Clark and Frank White were the next pair. John Kennedy, the champion amateur club swinger of Long Island, gave an exhibition of his prowess.

The event of the evening was a bout between Johnny Reagan and Paddy Duffy of Boston, who some time ago defeated Billy McMillan of Washington in a match fought on the Potomac for \$1,000 a side. Duffy was no match for Reagan, who could hit the Bostonian when he pleased. Reagan's form pleased Billy Reed, Reagan's backer, and Prof. Mike Donovan, and the former intends to bet \$1,000 on Reagan's chances of defeating young Mitchell.

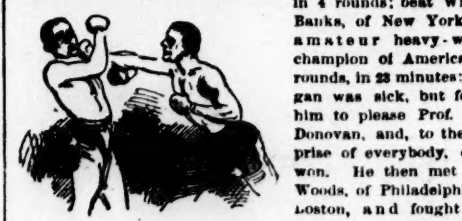
Reagan was born on the 28th of June, 1866, in New York. His first fight was with Charles Bogart of Brooklyn, whom he beat in 3 rounds, lasting 10 minutes, for a \$100 purse. Two weeks later he beat James Donnelly for a \$500 purse, in three rounds, in eight minutes. He next beat Jack Welch of Manchester, England, in one round, in 1 minute 30 seconds; beat John Farrell in three rounds, in 10 minutes; beat Bill Gurrett in three rounds, in 11 minutes; beat English Pav in four rounds, in 15 minutes, for \$155; beat Tom McCoy of Philadelphia, in 4 rounds, in 15 minutes. He broke his hand in the second round, but won in the fourth. Beat Dick Williams, in New York, in 10 minutes, for a purse; beat Mike Leary in 3 rounds; beat Billy Teese, of Philadelphia, in 4 rounds; beat William Banks, of New York, the amateur heavy-weight champion of America, in 4 rounds, in 23 minutes; Reagan was sick, but fought him to please Prof. Mike Donovan, and, to the surprise of everybody, easily won. He then met Fred Woods, of Philadelphia, in London, and fought a 7 round draw. Reagan and Woods met again 4 weeks later in Philadelphia and fought a 4-round draw. One month later he met him for a third time, in Greenpoint; the battle lasted 10 rounds, and though Reagan fought him to a standstill, they called time to save him being knocked out; the referee robbed him of the fight. He then met John Fies, of Chicago, for \$250 a side and \$600 ticket money, and defeated him in 44 rounds, in 2 hours 56 minutes. Aug. 6, 1887, he fought a draw with Tom Henry in 29 rounds, 2 hours and 35 minutes, and on Dec. 13, same year, he fought and was defeated by the Nonpareil, Jack Dempsey, in 45 rounds, London prize ring rules, occupying 1 hour and 18 minutes. This battle was fought in two rings.

Send 25 cents for the Whitechapel Murders, containing a history of those mysterious crimes which have baffled the London police. Finely illustrated. RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.



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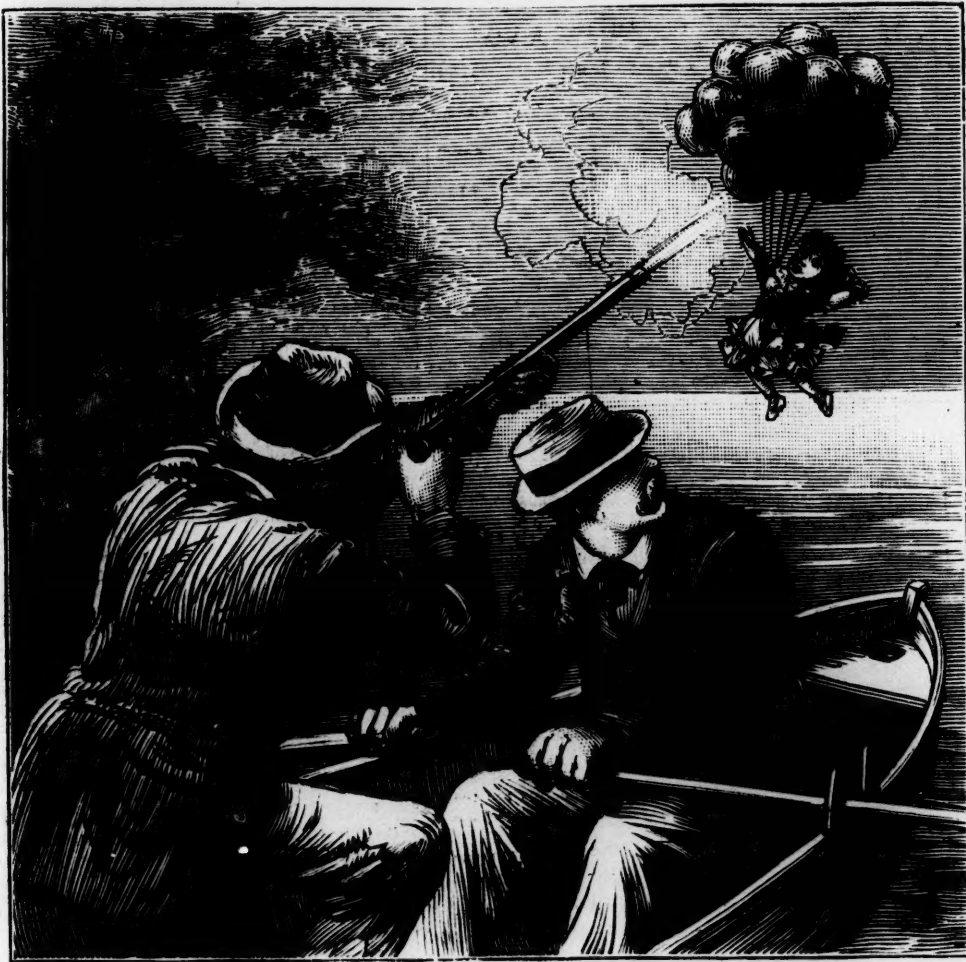
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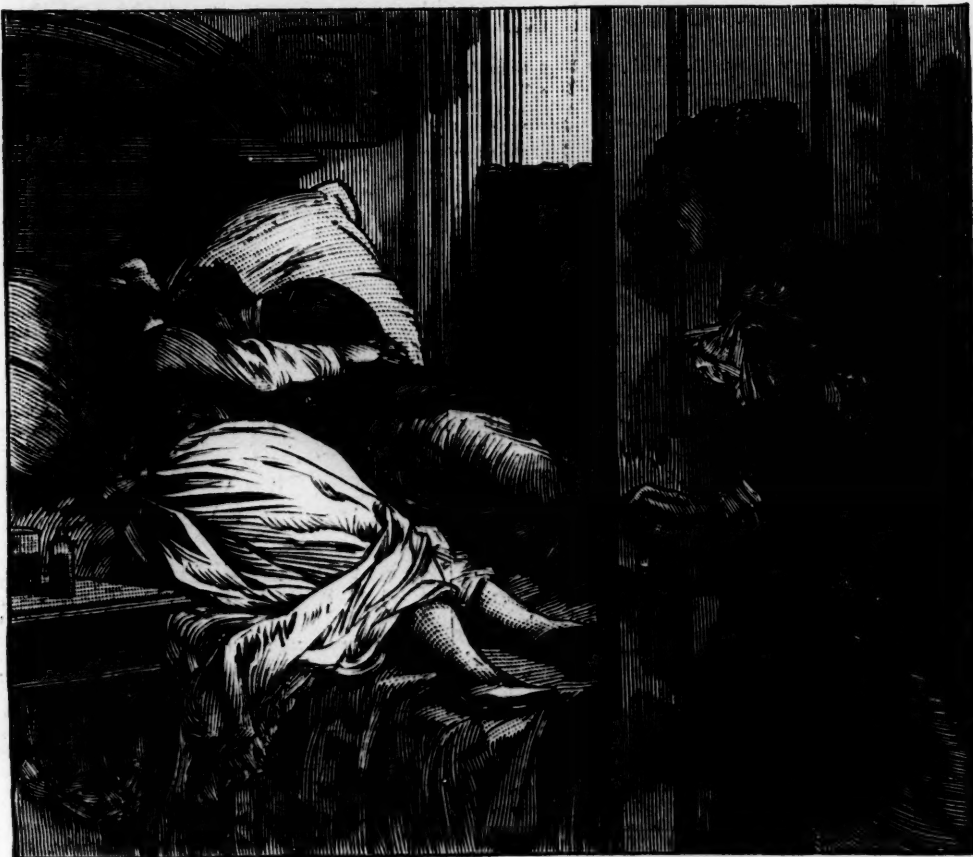
SWEPT OVER THE FALLS.

TWO YOUNG GIRLS OF LAMBERTVILLE, NEW JERSEY, LOSE THEIR LIVES BY THE CARELESS MANAGEMENT OF A ROWBOAT.



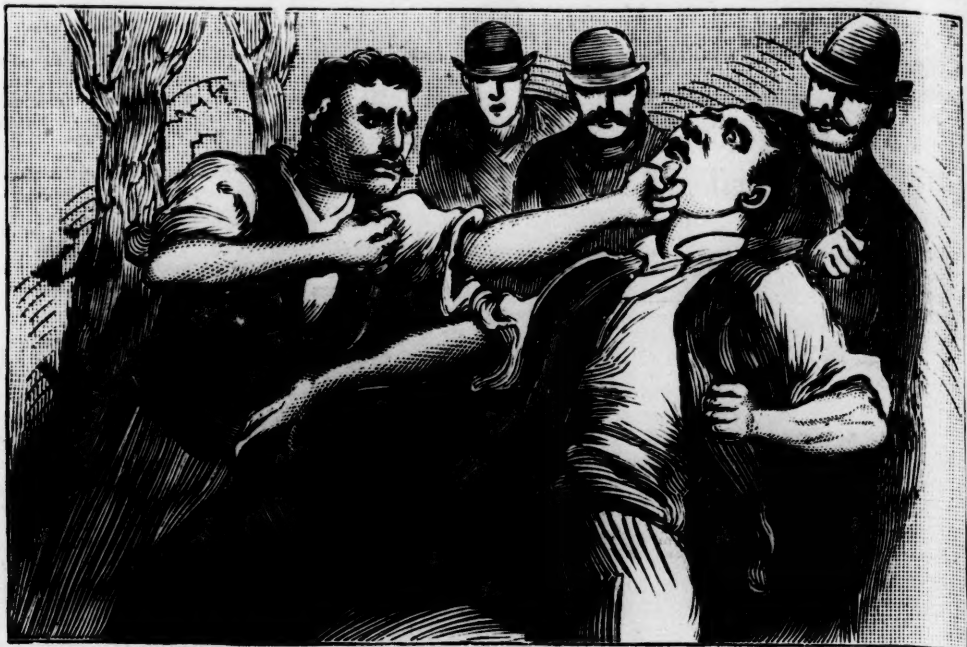
VERY NEAR AN ANGEL.

SOPHIA SCHWAB OF CHICAGO IS CARRIED OFF BY TOY BALLOONS AND IS RESCUED BY A YOUNG MAN WITH A RIFLE.



TWO LOVERS KILL THEMSELVES.

ELIZABETH VERNER AND ANDREW OLSEN, TWO SUICIDAL LOVERS OF FRESNO, CAL., DIE IN EACH OTHER'S ARMS.



THEY FOUGHT FOR A GIRL.

TWO DE SOTO, MO., CITIZENS QUARREL ABOUT A BAKER'S LASSIE AND BIFF EACH OTHER FOR SEVENTEEN ROUNDS.



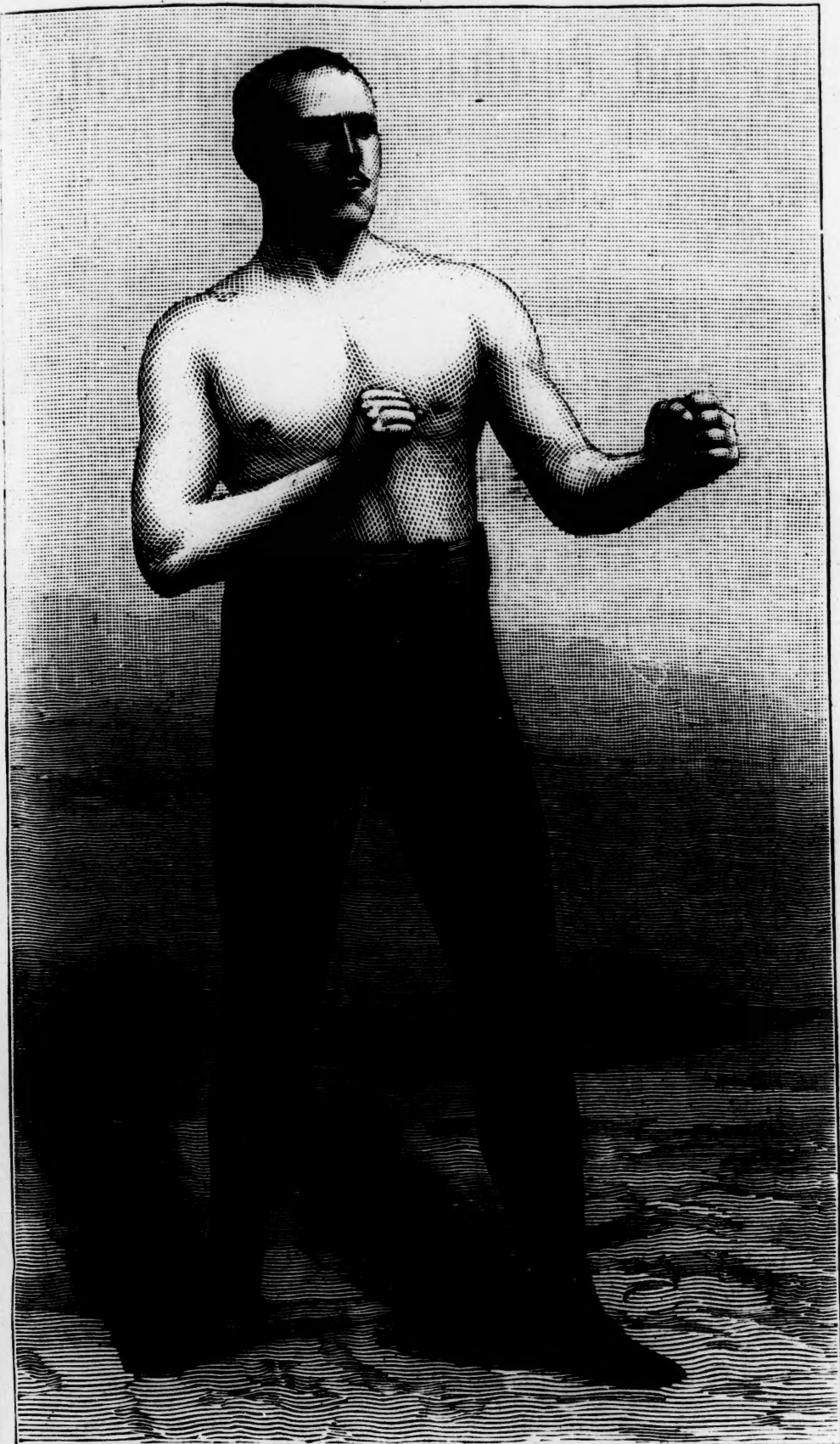
THE DOMINIE RAISED CORN.

AND, AT ABOUT THE SAME TIME, HE WAS RAISED WITH A SHOTGUN BY A PARISHIONER IN A GEORGIA CORNFIELD.



SHE DONNED MALE ATTIRE.

AND THEN RUSHED THROUGH A NEW YORK CITY STREET PURSUED BY A GANG OF HOWLING HOODLUMS AND CITIZENS.



INSTRUCTOR JOE BOWERS.

A FAMOUS SAN FRANCISCO PUGILIST, WHO ATTENDS TO THE FISTIC DESIRES OF THE GOLDEN GATE ATHLETIC CLUB.



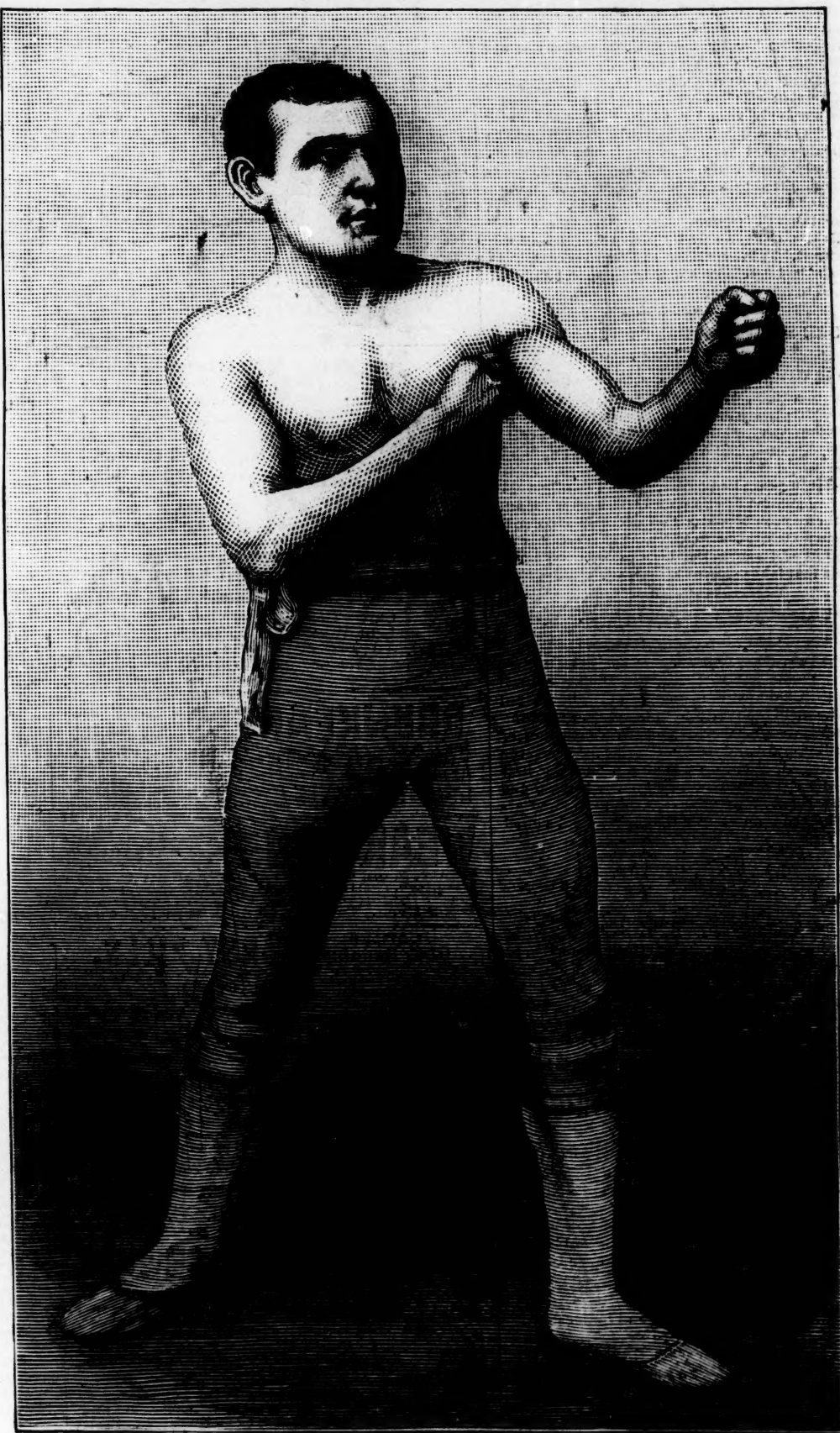
"HELLO THERE, CENTRAL."

"DOO" THE TELEPHONE DOG OF REW CITY, PA., THAT HAS A LARGE BRAIN, AND CARRIES MESSAGES AND THE "POLICE GAZETTE."



A SPEEDY YOUNG BICYCLIST.

MASTER ELMER CAUGHENBAUGH THE LITTLE SPINNING-WHEELIST OF WEBB CITY, MO., AND HIS LITTLE SPINNING-WHEEL.



ANXIOUS FOR A BATTLE.

TOMMY DANFORTH, THE WELL-KNOWN PUGILIST, WHO IS DESIROUS OF MEETING ANYBODY IN HIS CLASS.



A MOST FRIGHTFUL HOLOCAUST.

THE TERRIBLE INCIDENTS OF THE BIG FIRE AT NO. 305 SEVENTH AVENUE, THIS CITY, ON MONDAY, AUG. 19, WHERE TEN PEOPLE DIED.